Jester's Picnic.

The telescopic comet recently noticed by the papers, passed its perihelion a few nights ago, and has now "turned tail," and is making off as fast as he can for parts unknown. He didn't succeed in creating any commotion among the planets, or even getting up an excitement among their inhabitants. He isn't the big fellow that Holmes sang of in the following stanza:

"The Comet! He is on his way,
And singing as he flies;
The whizzing planets shrink before
The spectre of the skies;
Ah! well may regal orbs burn blue,
And satellites turn pale,
Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten million leagues of tail!"

When the late Dr. Young, of Birmingham, having one day forgotten to bury the corpse of a dissenter, he was accused of neglecting the funeral in consequence of the creed professed by the departed.

"I have heard," said a Quaker to the reverend gentleman. "I have heard, friend Young, that thou wouldst not bury —— because he was one of the dissenters."

"You're misinformed," replied the other; "I should be happy to bury them all."

The bigotry of this is lengthened by the equivocation placed on his intention.

Two Hibernians just from the "auld conthre," dined at a house in Oseola, where they had twisted doughnuts which they much admired. So after they went home, where they kept an "old bachelor's hall," they thought they would make some of the same kind. Having duly mixed the dough and cut it out in proper form, they put the cakes into the pan and awaited the operation of twisting with much anxiety. But their patience exhausted, one of them exclaimed:

"Jamie, Jamie, why don't the little divils twist?"

A "fast" man undertook the task of teazing an eccentric preacher.

"Do you believe," he said, "in the story of the prodigal son and the fattened calf?"

"Yes," said the preacher.

"Well, then, was it a male or female calf that was killed?"

"A female," promptly replied the divine.

"How do you know that?"

"Because (looking the interrogator steadily in the face) I see the male is alive now."

A gentleman in Washington, says the Union, whose east and west neighbors bears the euphonious name of "Smith," has an intelligent Irish hand-maiden. A few mornings since a person rang his door bell, and inquired of this servant whether Mr. Smith lived there.

"He does not," was the prompt reply, "he lives next door."

"On which side?" asked the visitor.

"On both sides, your honor, you can't miss him."

"But he is a clerk," continued the anxious inquirer.

"Shure, and they're both clerks," was eagerly returned.

Old Tate was once questioned as to Mrs. Jordon ever having been married, and as to her patronymic of Jordan.

"Why, God bless you, my boy," said he, "I gave her that name. I was her sponsor. When she determined upon going to London, she thought Miss sounded insignificant, so she asked me to advise her a name. 'Why,' said I, 'my dear, you have crossed the water, so I'll call you Jordan;' and, by the memory of Sam! if she didn't take my joke in earnest, and call herself Mrs. Jordan ever after."

A cotemporary says that, passing an old wagon the other day he accidentally overheard the following conversation:

"I'm *tired*," said one of the wheels.

"You *spoke* well," said another.

"You don't *reach* my case," came from under the wagon box.

"Hold your *tongue*," said another part of the vehicle. He anticipated a row, and hurried on.

Judge D——, in giving a charge to a jury, had occasion rather frequently to make use of the words mortgagor and mortgagee. The foreman of the jury asked the judge the meaning of the words, candidly confessing he did not know their import.

His honor facetiously explained them thus:

"I *nod* to you—you notice me,
I'm the *nod-or*, you the *nod-ee!*"

A rich saddler, whose daughter was afterwards married to the celebrated Earl of Halifax, ordered in his will that she should lose her fortune, if she did not marry a saddler.

The young Earl of Halifax, in order to win the bride, served an apprenticeship of seven years to a saddler, and afterwards bound himself to the rich man's daughter for life.

Dr. Johnson was asked by a lady what new work he was employed upon.

"I am writing nothing just at present," he replied.

"Well, but doctor, if I could write like you I should always write merely for the pleasure of it."

"Pray, madam," retorted he, "do you think Leander swam the Hellespont merely because he was fond of swimming?"

"My son, what did you bite your brother for? Now I shall have to whip you. Don't you remember the golden rule I taught you? If you wouldn't like to have your brother bite you, you shouldn't bite your brother."

"Ho, mother, get out with your whipping. Remember the golden rule yourself If you wouldn't like me to whip you, 'taint right of you to whip me."

Two weavers, working in one shop in the village of Houston, were conversing one day on authorship, when one of them observed that the man "Finis" was a great author; he had seen that writer's name attached to a great many books.

"You must be a stupid blockhead," replied the other; "that man 'Finis' is the printer"

A beardy young gentleman, being on a visit to a friend in his borough the other day, had one of our friend's interesting boys on his knee, caressing him, when the child looked up into beardy's face with a perplexed gaze, and asked:

"Can't you talk? 'cause I can't see any mouf for talk to come out at!"

Some men wishing to go into a tavern on one of the national fast-days, found the door shut; and on their knocking, the waiter told them from within, that his master would allow no one to enter during service on the fast-day.

"Your master," said one of them, "might be content to fast himself, without making his doors fast too."

A man fond of experimenting, hearing that a raven would live two hundred years, bought one to test the truth of the assertion. Must be an antiquarian. Should visit the Vatican, where he will see the two identical ravens that carried Elijah his dinner—both stuffed, claws, feathers, complete!

A would-be-prophet, down south, said lately in one of his sermons, that he was "sent to redeem the world, and all things therein." Upon hearing this, a native pulled out two five dollar bills on a broken bank, and requested him to fork over the specie for them.

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GOOD-FOR-NOTHING DICK:

—OR,—

A HERO OF HUMBLE LIFE.

A STORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER I.

PROSCENIUM.

Richard Lee was sitting in a shaky chair, with his feet upon the lower round, his elbows on his knees, and his chin in his hands. There were few signs of emotion upon his rugged little visage; if it expressed anything, it was a kind of vague wonder or stolid indifference. Jenny—a sick and dying girl—was lying upon a comfortless bed, with closed eyes, awaiting patiently her hour of translation to another state of being. Her cheeks were sallow and sunken, telling a pitiful story of deprivation and suffering. When she opened her wan, weary lids and fixed her failing vision on her brother, the dark lashes were gemmed with tears.

"Dickie," she said, in a low, gentle voice, regarding him with an earnest yet serene expression, "I'm going!"

"Goin' where?" asked Richard, impassively.

"To another world," answered Jenny.

"You're too sick to go anywhere," retorted the lad.

"You don't understand me, Dickie," resumed the child, softly. "I am going to the place Eve Wilder used to tell me about; a place I can't describe to you because I'm so sick and must go so soon."

"Hope it's a better place than this!" returned Richard, moodily.

"*Ever* so much better, Dickie!"

"Wish I's sure of it; but I aint; aint sure nothin'. An' why aint I sure nothin'? Will tell ye: 'Cause nothin's sure," said Richard, in a dissatisfied tone.

"You mustn't think such thoughts, because they wont make you happy, Richard."

"No choice 'bout it; have to think sich thoughts as come. Am I 'sponsible? No, I aint 'sponsible. Didn't make myself, did I? Didn't make the brain, did I? Brain's a 'lectric batt'ry, an' I can't zert no inflooence 'pon it."

"I am past talking about such things. I can see farther than you. I have *faith*, Dickie."

"What's faith, Jenny?"

"Faith," said the girl, lifting her head from the pillow a little, while her eyes gleamed with beautiful enthusiasm, "is something that makes us know what is going to happen, before it comes, a feeling so calm and sweet, and full of confidence that all will be well, that I haven't the power to tell it."

After a pause she added, "I'm dying, Dickie! In a little while you'll see a change come over me, and I shall be very still and never move or speak again. You'll think of me a few days, and then as weeks and months and years come and go, you'll almost forget there ever was a little girl like me." Jenny sighed, so vividly did this conviction force itself upon her mind.

"I want to say a few words to you, Richard, for your good, and in such a kind way, too, that you wont think hard of me, or have an idea than that I love you very much."

"Feelin's isn't so tender you need be 'fraid hurtin' 'em. Used to words harder'n you can say or want to say," he answered, softening, visibly.

"You're not bad—no, I don't believe you're bad, though some folks think you are. You are a clever boy at heart, I'm sure, but you can be much better if you try. You go to places and keep company that does you much harm. It would be a dreadful thing to be like father, Richard."

"Never 'tend to be like him. Couldn't be so stoopid, if I's to try!"

"You know what made him so; it came of bad company and drinking what he ought not to drink. I pity him so much! It can't be told how much I pity him!"

"Brung it on hisself; don't 'serve any pity."

"He's to be pitied, if any creature in the world is to be pitied. I've cried for him many and many a time, but I am crying my last tears to-day."

"You make me feel dis'greeable," said Richard.

"Try to realize that you'll never hear my voice after to-day, and I'm certain you'll listen to me patiently. Be kind to mother; don't be idle; learn to read and write, so as to be useful and respectable while you live."

"Is it a hard thing to die, Jenny?"

"It looks dark, at first, and one murmurs at the pain—for it takes a good deal of pain to make a person die—but after a time, when one has thought it over and tried to be sorry for all the evil she's done, it isn't at all dreadful. I'm going, you see, very easy, and without any fear, to my home up in the skies."

DEATH OF LITTLE JENNY.

"Can't b'lieve 'bout livin' up in the skies. It don't 'pear reasonable, an' I can't b'lieve nothin' that don't 'pear reasonable. When we die, that'll be the last of us."

"It is not so!" exclaimed Jenny, rising upon her elbow, and looking upon her wayward brother like one inspired. "We shall all live again, and I shall meet you in another world."

"No, you wont!" said Richard, perversely. "You wont meet nobody there! Why wont you? 'Cause nobody'll be there. They wont be there 'cause there's no sich place as *there*."

An expression of pain passed over Jenny's pale face, then sinking back upon her couch, she gazed upward with beaming, hopeful eyes.

"Dickie," she said, faintly, anon, "come and place me a little more comfortably." Richard was at her side very quickly, and notwithstanding his clumsy-looking figure, handled the girl very gently indeed. A woman who had been busied in another part of the room, perceiving what the boy was doing, came to assist him. Her age might have been thirty-five, but an exhausted, worn expression gave the appearance of additional years. Her face was not what we term homely, for it had traces of former beauty; but her eyes made the observer sad—they were so resigned to the worst, so unexpectant of earthly good. Her figure was shapely, but its faded and pauperish coverings impressed it with a forsaken and friendless air, despite an obvious effort at tidiness.

"Mother?" said Jenny. Mrs. Lee knelt beside the bed. "Mother! there is a golden mist in the air; I can scarcely see you. Where is your hand? Don't grieve. This, I think, will be a blessing; there will be one less to care for."

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

The woman seemed to hear and comprehend, but did not speak. She rocked to and fro on her knees, as if there was no relief for grief like hers.

"I know it will be hard for you to bear," Jenny added, in a soothing tone. "No one will understand you when I am laid away in the ground; you'll live on more lonely than ever. If you could speak, it wouldn't be so solitary-like and hard to bear. It is a sad thing to be dumb."

Mrs. Lee raised Jenny from the bed, pressed her head to her breast and held it there, while the girl smiled lovingly into her hopeless eyes. Richard drew nearer to the sufferer. What his thoughts were as he contemplated her, it is difficult to say.

"Hold my hand, Richard. I don't feel to be a poor friendless girl now. The golden mist glows more brightly around me. My garments shine like threads of silver! Hold me closer, mother. See! they have made my bed of roses. Kiss me, Dickie—kiss me, dear mother. I am going home—home in the golden mist. Good-by, mother—Dickie—"

And so Jenny went away in the "golden mist."

CHAPTER II.

DICK'S HOME.

Tumbledown Alley looked out of its dirt, darkness and obscurity into Broad Street its elder brother. It was not difficult for the inquisitive visitor to divine from what circumstance the spot derived its name; for the low, crippled, time-worn buildings on either side, gave the impression that they were respectively and collectively on the point of tumbling to the ground in one notable crash. Fortunately, the residents had become so accustomed to the moss-grown roofs and tottering walls, that they did not entertain any other idea than that they had always presented the same venerable appearance.

Richard Lee, or Good-for-Nothing Dick, as he was familiarly called, was born in Tumbledown Alley, receiving his first impressions of life from the emanations of that morally and physically unhealthy habitat. He found the place custom taught him to call home, by entering at the sixth door on the left and climbing a pair of narrow, dirty, steep, creaking stairs, to a very circumscribed room. The furnishing, which was exceedingly meagre, consisted of two complaining chairs, three gaunt stools, a table with maimed legs and a broken leaf. Under the table was a basket filled with splinters, charcoal, and bits of paper gathered from the streets. In close proximity was a water-bucket without a bail, the deficiency being supplied by a half-inch rope knotted to the ears. The fire-place was old-fashioned, and so large that it had a cheerless, mocking look, when it is considered how much fuel it would take to fill its wide, gaping mouth—and where it was to come from, especially in winter weather when the wind was keen and searching, and one's breath turned to hoar frost wherever it touched.

There had been paper on the walls—isolated patches still clung to the recreant plaster, but in a shrivelled and blackened condition, in unison with the general appearance of the room. The lathing was visible in many places, some of the larger crevices being stuffed with straw. One narrow window—we call it a window as a poetical platitude—lighted this cheerless room. When the wind blew, the shrunken sash and the patched glass complained with monotonous clatter

Upon a few shelves, nailed awkwardly to the wall, was a curious collection of crockery; pitchers without noses, saucers with serrated edges, cups with puttied sides, plates striated with cement, knives without handles, forks with a single tine, a squinting tea-pot, and a battered pewter porringer.

The arrangements for sleeping were necessarily simple, straw and tattered quilts bestowed in the most out-of-the-way corner during the day, and subjected to some kind of a division at night. Richard could sleep soundly curled up on the hearth, or if unusually comatose, wouldn't grumble at the door-step or even the sidewalk; so much had habit blunted his sensibilities and reconciled him to his condition.

Dick's personal appearance was not particularly prepossessing. His features were not very irregular, but in looking at him one could not conveniently escape the conviction that he was a plain-featured lad. No prominent defects could be pointed out, and his facial unattractiveness may in a great measure be attributed to his uncultivated nature, which persisted in making its signature upon his visage. The mark of neglect was upon the boy, but not of crime.

The man's hat worn by Richard covered an eccentric phrenological development. Whether he was culpable for having a knobby head, we will leave erudite disciples of Spurzheim to determine. Dick was not tall, nor overgrown, yet stoutly and compactly built; consequently the cast-off coat (given him by a gentleman for whom he had performed a trifling service) ill-fitted his juvenile proportions, the swallow-tail skirts reaching quite down to his ankles; while the trowsers accompanying the gift, being of adult length and calibre, hung looosly about his limbs, making it necessary to razee the legs (to adapt them to their new associations) which, left without hems, soon grew ragged and stringy. Entertaining, as Richard did, a superlative contempt for soap and water, he presented, when he appeared in the streets without boots—as he often did—a pair of the most suspicious feet to be found in the whole federal Union.

Richard Lee walked down the alley, with a heavy feeling at his heart very much like sorrow, for the death of Jenny, and a realization that something touching and solemn had taken place. He reached, at a slow and thoughtful pace, a popular thoroughfare, where stood patiently a young girl, beside a basket of fruit. This little maiden was Eve Wilder.

"How is Jenny this morning?" she inquired.

"Gone," said Richard.

"Gone where?"

"Said she's goin' to the other world, an' I s'pect she has."

"Was she willing, Richard?"

"'F I ever see anybody willin' to do anythin', she was willin'. She couldn't a been willin'er. Can't understan' why a person should be willin' to die an' be put into the ground like a animal. I can't—I can't! An' it's no use trying! Been 'plexin' myself 'bout it all the way here."

"Did she speak of me, Richard?"

"Couldn't keep ye out her mind, hardly; thought good 'eal of ye."

Eve said "Poor Jenny!" and wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron.

"No use to be 'fected 'bout it; 'twont do her no good, an' 'twont do you no good, nor me no good!" said Richard, with difficulty repressing his feelings.

"Don't it affect you, Richard?"

"In coorse I'm hooman, but never whimper 'bout anythin'. What's the good o' cryin'? Has she left a home where she's happy and well tooken care of? Has she left anythin' worth livin' for? No, she hasn't left a home where she's happy an' well tooken care of; she hasn't left anythin' worth livin' for! On the contr'y she's left jes' what wasn't worth livin' for. Where's she gone? P'r'aps she's gone to be as she was '*fore* she was—as folks are now that'll be borned in a hundered year; p'r'aps she' gone where she thought she's goin', an' is happy as her compacity'll 'low of. Why, then, should I go for to injoor myself with grief? he continued, drawing his sleeve across his eyes. "Is it my dooty to injoor myself? 'Suredly 'tisn't my dooty to injoor myself with violent grief."

"You have such curious notions and use such curious words, that I don't know what to think of you, Dick."

"Coorious notions 'gree with me. Was prodooced cooriously, brung up cooriously, git 'long in the world cooriously, an' shall come to a coorious end. What kind a end? The end that was 'pointed for me when the beginnin' was begun."

"Boys that don't go to school and have nothing to do, never grow to be useful and respectable men, mother says."

"Your mother's 'taken!" returned Dick, with mild gesticulation. "'Tisn't allers proodent to mind the croodities of females. Why? 'Cause women folks musn't be yoomored too much. Want to vote next, women will! Like to know what kind a 'pearance they'd make at the 'lective pools? Easy 'nough to see what kind a 'pearance they'd make! There'd be disrepootable coloosions, an' a free use of poogilism."

Eve turned her beautiful eyes upon the boy and exclaimed, "How odd!" She was at a loss to know how to treat a case like his. Her simple philosophy was at fault. His peculiarities filled her with vague wonder, while she was ready to weep at his insensibility.

Poverty had visited Eve Wilder in such form, been so tempered by the guardianship of a good mother, that it had not blunted her sensibilities or blighted a single bud of promise. She seemed angel guarded, standing uncontaminated amid the waters of sin that rolled at her feet. With true fortitude and courage she had stepped between her sick mother and the open jaws of want. With trusting heart she went out to her trial-effort in the streets, resolved to minister to one who had so long and faithfully ministered to her. This life was hard, at first, but habit reconciled her to her lot. Rich was her harvest of pleasure when she went home successful, at night, thinking how many comforts the pennies (that felt so heavy in her pocket) would procure for her mother.

Rose Wilder—Eve's mother—could tell a tale lamentably common; a pitiful story of love, elopement, poverty and desertion. She was the only daughter of a legal gentleman of Philadelphia, tenacious of family honor, and noted for his inflexibility of purpose. Sternly refusing his assent to a marriage with Edmund Wilder (whom he esteemed an adventurer), a runaway match was the result. Nothing prospered with the newly wedded pair. The young husband, disappointed in his business expectations, chagrined because his wife's father withheld his forgiveness so long, thus keeping from him the dowry he expected after the first storm of indignation had passed, contracted dissipated habits, spent his small income recklessly, and ill-treated the woman who had confided her happiness to his keeping. She was not destined to bear his neglect and unkindness to the end of life, for one day he went out as usual, and never returned. This was just after Eve's birth. When Mrs. Wilder recovered strength to bear the fatigue of travelling, she left a spot so fraught with painful memories, and finally, by the inevitable down-hill grade of poverty, found herself a resident of Tumbledown Alley.

CHAPTER III.

LEE'S MASTER.

Moses Lee had a stooping figure, and though on the best side of fifty, seemed to carry on his bowed shoulders the weary weight of old age. His face was vacant of meaning; its dullness approximating to the inanity of complete fatuity. Staring from their hollow sockets with leaden apathy, his red eyes were painfully wanting that refreshing light that beams from conscious intellect. Gray hairs—that had brought him no wisdom—crept from beneath his crushed hat and fluttered on his wrinkled forehead. He wore a tattered coat, which revealed the mystery of the lining in various places; while pants that had passed through much dirt and affliction, befriended his nether limbs. Considered by the common standard of human judgment, his clothes were the better part of him—his mind being weaker than the seams of his coat, and less ambitious than the soles of his shoes.

This remnant of a man, with a basket upon his arm, approached the spot where Richard, according to his daily habit, was talking with Eve.

"Here comes my proogenitor!" said the lad. "Must squestion him and see what he's been 'bout. Mooses, my frien', step this way; set down your basket, an' give a 'count yourself?"

Lee obeyed without remonstrance or change of expression.

"Does he know that Jenny's gone?" asked Eve, in a low voice.

"No; an' 'twont 'fect him much when he does; mind's in a state of looseness; judgmint 'bilitated."

"Couldn't a doctor help him, Dick?"

"'F all the trees on the Common was doctors, an' 'f all the lamp-posts was doctors, an' if all the bricks in the pavemints was doctors, an' Moses could 'sult 'em all to once, his case couldn't be allooviated, my young frien'. It's a 'sorder," continued Dick, with increasing warmth, "that don't 'mit of no allooviation; the bloo pill itself couldn't allooviate it!"

Richard paused a moment, then slowly raised his arm until he brought his index finger to bear upon the person in question.

"I 'peat the 'sertion—the bloo pill itself couldn't allooviate it!"

"How long do you think he'll live, Richard?" Eve inquired, considerably startled at the obduracy of the case.

"Till the alcoohol cuts him into s'lootion; or his system 'solves an' runs out his garmints in a flooid state. Pootrefaction wont never ensoo! An' why wont pootrefaction ensoo? 'Cause the alcooholic principil wont 'low of it, my frien'. He's 'stressed with a 'tinual thirst; water wont squench it—nothin' wont squench it. Why? 'Cause it's unsquenchable."

Then addressing Lee.

"I 'serve the boot on your left foot's sooperior to the one I 'casionally wears on the same stremity of my person; 'deavor to make me think to change with ye 'fore ye go out ag'in."

Eve reminded the boy that he ought to inform his father of the death of Jenny.

"Ought to do it in a spressive way 'cause it's a solim 'fair. Mooses, 'proach little nearer, and 'sume a 'spectful attitood; got 'portant commoonication to make. It's my 'stressin' dooty to 'form ye the family's had a 'fliction. The best one 'mong us isn't no more; Jenny's left the miser'ble home you made her, an' the miser'ble world you brung her into, an' gone to 'nother state of sistence. Wasn't like you and me, Jenny wasn't; her natoor was dif'rint; wasn't borned a good-for-nothin' as I was, an' as *you* are. Sorry I ever said rood words to her, an' vexed her with my incredoolity 'spectin' the other spear; 'twasn't right on 'count of her gentle temperatoor, which couldn't bear coldness an' 'glect. Should think, Mooses, this 'spensation would set you to thinkin', if the thinkin' principil isn't drowned out of ye. Ye aint much of a pairent to me, nor you wasn't to her, an' you'll never be to nobody. 'F it don't make your eyes run over with tears to look at her as she lays there so smilin' an' 'telligent-like, there's nothin' that'll 'fect ye in the world!"

Richard softened as he proceeded, while Lee kept his vacant eyes fixed upon him, sensing but vaguely the purport of his words.

"Your pretty little girl Jenny is dead," said Eve, in a gentle voice.

"Can't make him fully sconscious of it; wont understan' 'fore to-morrow, his mind's so sluggish. Might died hisself, and never found it out!"

Eve looked dubiously at the lad. Every day he became more of a mystery, puzzling her with the different phases of character he exhibited. In her opinion, he talked strangely to his father! That something was wrong, she had a strong suspicion; but he was so problematical she could not satisfactorily decide where the wrong was.

The last ruddy beams of daylight fell on the faces of good-for-nothing son and good-for-nothing father. The features of one discoursed precocious sturdiness, native wit and cunning; the other's visage expressed just as much as a shattered tombstone—a mournful, festering story. The latter fingered his forehead dubiously, took up his basket and departed.

"'Spect," said Dick, musingly, "his master wants him; his master allers has 'ploymint for him 'bout this time."

"Has he got a master?" Eve artlessly inquired.

Richard nodded assent.

"Don't he treat him well?"

"'Buses him on every 'casion. Seen him throw him down 'thout any scrooples."

"Now that's what I call mean? I should think he'd be ashamed! He ought to go and get a new master the first thing he does!" asserted Eve, indignantly.

"Couldn't indooce him to. Strong 'tachmint 'tween 'em. Known Moses to git right up an' 'brace him after he'd tripped his legs up on the pavemint an' mootilated him. 'F I had time an' 'toonity, could tell you a coorious tale 'bout the old gen'leman's master. 'Twasn't long 'go he turned a family out doors in a violent storm. Day 'fore yesterday he pitched a man into the dock, where he was drownded in consequence the water passin' into the diagram of his system; indooced a woman to c'mit sooicide with s'lootion of cop'ris an' corroosive sublimity, which shortly prodooced death, as was brung to light by the ingenoonity of the corrinder a settin' on the body. Why don't the 'thorities 'rest him an' hang him 'fore a joory? Simply 'cause he can't be 'rested an' hung 'fore a joory. So shy is his habit, he isn't to be found by a officer of the lor. Where does he live? Sure 'nough, where does he live! Magine I hear it 'peated from the custom-house to here. Lives down this way an' that—in Beacon Street an' Ann Street—in coorts an' places, in squares an' lanes, in avenoos an' alleys, cellars an' s'loons!"

Eve thought of Lee's master as she bent her steps toward home, and couldn't keep him out of her mind; was thinking of him when Dick said, "Good-night, my frien'," in his quaint and whimsical way.

Richard slowly descended the steps of "Your Money's Worth,"—a cellar at the corner of the alley—and retreating abstractedly to the hazy background, located himself upon a cask. He had often been there, but too observant of the ways of older good-for-nothings, treasuring with retentive memory everything he heard, thus acquiring that brusque deportment which acted so much to his detriment during first appearances.

Richard had not been seated long, when a person entered who at once drew his attention; being of a class not often seen there. The years of his life might have been twenty-three, although a just judgment could not be formed of his natural and ordinary appearance, for the reason that he was laboring under the horrors of *mania a potu*. He advanced to within two paces of the lad, then pausing and shading his eyes with his hand, looked with intense eagerness into the obscurity of the darkest corner of the cellar.

"Do *you* see them, too?" he asked, in a cautious, hurried manner, bending toward Richard.

"See a lot of barrels an' pipes!" was the reply.

"Hush! don't speak so loud! That is the mischief of it—they are headed up in those things, and now they are crawling out!"

The young man stepped softly to Richard, and clutching him with a shaking hand, put his mouth to his ear and said "Hush!" again, in a whisper that was sudden and startling.

"Don't 'peat that sperimint, my frien', if it don't do you no 'ticlar good; might injoor the 'rangements my ears," said Dick, retreating a little.

"I tell you they are certainly crawling out!" he persisted.

"What's crawlin' out?"

"Serpents! see they swarm from the corners, crannies, crevices and holes—a loathsome, slimy host, twisting, writhing, hissing and darting their red tongues!"

"Come, my frien', be a little joodicious! Fust thing I know you'll shock my narvus systum, which is somewhat lacoorated by a fam'ly 'fliction which ensood this mornin'. Hope you wont feel 'sposed to introod 'pon private grief!" remonstrated Richard, fixing himself more comfortably upon the cask, which was disposed to roll when he did not keep himself well balanced.

"Drive them back—fight them, tread upon them! Their sting is like the touch of a glowing coal!" exclaimed the young man, trembling with terror.

"Now I can see 'em plain 'nough!" asserted Dick. "There's a multitood of 'em, led on by one of 'stonishin' magnitood, with a bloo stripe on his back an' a kink in his tail. Strange I didn't see 'em 'fore! How they squirm an' wiggle theirselves 'bout. But squiet yourself; I can subdoo 'em an' send 'em back to their holes in confoosion. Tid?"

"Tid," the boy thus briefly addressed, came forward.

"Here's a case of delerums," pursued Dick. "My young frien' has been tooken with it of a suddint, which' quires me to 'sist him. Prodooce some wormwood corgil." Tid brought the cordial, which the young man drank with avidity. Richard continued his attentions, not because he had any particular sympathy with the sufferer, but because he wished to employ himself in some manner to banish as much as possible the remembrance of Jenny; which despite the perversion of his nature, haunted and made him sorrowful. The last look she gave him; the admonitory words she had spoken; the wondrous placidity of her face; the unwonted light that beamed from her eyes; the strangely peaceful smile lingering upon her lips when she ceased to breathe, were things ever present with the boy.

As the young man grew more rational, he began to bestow some attention upon the youth.

"'F it's 'greeable, I'd like to 'quire if ye see anythin' pecooliar 'bout my 'pearance?" said Dick, after patiently submitting to the scrutiny of his new acquaintance for several minutes.

The gentleman smiled.

"No injoory done, as *yit*," pursued Dick, with saintly forbearance; "but I 'stinctively shrink from the gaze of strangers."

Richard looked out from under his beaver with an odd mixture of seriousness and comicality.

"I think I am steady enough to leave this kennel," said the young man. "Come, my lad, go with me." Leaning upon Richard's arm, he ascended the steps, into the street, and directed his course toward the Shades; in those days a fashionable resort. The seclusion of the place doubtless suggested the name which distinguished it. Few abstinent Pathfinders looked into Crooked Lane.

Dick and the young man mounted a flight of stairs, and turning first to the right, then to the left, then to the right again, found themselves in an apartment of ordinary capacity, provided with rows of stationary tables, at which a number of persons were seated, some with their noses plunged into pewter mugs, some sipping from glasses, and others smoking cigars, as if that were the only serious business of life. The steps giving access to the Shades, though covered with zinc, were wonderfully worn. Many feet that have pressed them are mould—feet that ought to be above ground and walking about to-day.

Richard had occasionally crept in there, where he heard much talking by persons above his condition, and treasured carefully in his tenacious memory choice bits of philosophy, and a vocabulary of pretentious words, which he made it a point to use whenever practicable, with a persistent and uniform perversion of the rules of pronunciation.

CHAPTER IV.

GILBERT GROVES.

SEATED in apposition at a table, the unevenly mated pair contemplated each other with manifest curiosity.

"Come, sir, I must know you better," said the young man, at length. "Tell me something of your personal history?"

"It's what I've allers refoosed. Why? 'Cause I 'tend to write my autoob'ography soon's my systum gits growed a little. But there's one thing I'll scommodate ye to," added Dick, laying the back of his hand on the table and spreading his fingers ingeniously. "I'll 'form ye in sconfidence that my name's Richard Lee, though some loose-minded people call me Good-for-Nothing Dick. P'r'aps you'll want to know next what business I pursoo? Don't pursoo no business; business pursoos *me*. What suppoorts me? My legs, cordin' to the lors o' gravitootion. What's my future? Run your eyes over me an' answer the squestion."

"A miserable life, I suspect," was the not very flattering rejoinder.

"Who's that?" asked Richard, anon.

The query had reference to a person who had just entered the room. His upper lip was adorned with a black mustache, elaborately trimmed. His features were regular, his eyes dark and observant, his figure rather below the common stature. He carried in his hand a small whalebone cane with a loaded head. Richard's companion looked toward the new-comer but did not answer.

"You didn't hear my squestion?" said Dick.

"I know him but too well. He is the man I most wished to shun to-night. His name is Groves—Gilbert Groves."

"Alfred Harper, my dear fellow, so I have found you at last!" exclaimed the subject of Dick's inquiries, striking his companion playfully with his cane.

"We parted but last night."

"Well, that really seems a long time to lose sight of you. By the way, what have you here?"

"A lad to whom I am somewhat indebted. His name is Richard Lee."

"How'd ye do, my frien'?" said Dick, with a familiar nod.

"Tolerably fair, thank you! I hope your mother is well, Mr. Lee, and other friends that you may happen to have!" replied Groves.

"They was comfortable when I left my res'dence 'bout a hour 'go, an' my own systum is roobust."

"You keep choice company, Alfred, upon my word! Where did you find this queer boy?"

"Somewhere about Tumbledown Alley, I believe."

"He has the air of a veritable good-for-nothing." Then to Richard:

"Come, sir, what can I do for you?"

"You can't do nothin' for me; nobody can't do nothin' for me! An' why can't nobody do nothin' for me? 'Cause I don't *choose* to have nobody do nothin' for me! Shall go *my* way an' you can go *your* way!"

Dick turned his eyes in another direction, as if to give Groves to understand that that was all there was to be said between them.

"What would you say if I should cut you across the shoulders with my cane?" added Groves, waving the cane slowly up and down before the boy's eyes.

"'F you've any cooriosity on the subject, jes' try it, Groovers!" retorted Dick, doubling his right hand into a fist.

"Here goes!" said Groves, raising his cane to strike, but Alfred sprang from his seat, caught it from his hand, and breaking it, threw it upon the floor.

"This boy has befriended me, and I will not see him abused!" he exclaimed, as he resumed his seat, his face flushed and his eyes flashing.

For an instant a threatening frown was visible upon Gilbert's face, but it passed away quickly.

"My dear fellow, I was jesting, surely! And yet I cannot help thinking that such discipline would do him good. But enough of this; go with me."

"Not now, Gilbert—excuse me, not now! I need other treatment than yours. I stand at the mouth of Hades; the snaky hosts menace and flash at me with their eyes."

"You see things through a dark-colored mist, and they look grim and gray. Go with me to the open air and I will show them to you in a different light."

After some farther conversation the two young men went away together. Richard waved his hand as they departed in a manner that entreated them to go about their business and not trespass upon his attention longer; but no sooner had they descended the stairs, than he arose and followed them. They passed up Washington to Winter, from thence into Tremont Street to the Common.

"That is certainly Alfred!" Richard heard some one say as he paused a moment opposite Park Street church. The speaker was a young lady, accompanied by a lad. She was elegantly attired, and to Dick's conception, eminently handsome. She approached him.

"I observed," she said, "that you were watching those gentlemen. Do you know them?"

"'Tic'lar frien's of mine," replied Dick.

"Then you can tell me their names, I'm sure?" continued the lady.

"'Thout doubt, my fair frien'!" answered the youth, graciously.

The inquirer waited a little, thinking the wished for information would presently be given; but Dick remained calmly at ease, supported by an iron post.

"I believe I understood you to say that you knew those fellows?" added the interesting interrogator.

"Indoobitably!" said Richard, without change of expression or attitude.

"You will not refuse to tell me, certainly?"

"Shouldn't forgive myself if I did! Make it a invoilable roole not to refoose a lady anythin' I happen to have 'bout me, whether it's gen'ral information or other kind o' sproperty. One's called Alfid, the other Gilbit."

"Is the person you first mentioned just as he should be—that is, is he quite steady and rational?"

The questioner's voice trembled.

"Sorry to say his systum's 'sider'bly out a order, 'casioned, 'doubtedly by various mixtoors introdooced to the stomich."

"Are you sufficiently acquainted with Mr. Harper's friend to know whether he exercises a proper influence upon his actions?"

"My 'pinion aint much sconsequence," quoth Dick, condescendingly, "backed as 'tis on'y by a pair swaller-tails; but sich as 'tis, you're 'tirely welcome to it. Should say that Gilbit is alloorin' him down to the regions of ceroolean bloo!"

Upon hearing this solemn and lamentable avowal, the lad who attended the lady, set up an indecorous laugh.

"'F you'll 'linquish your hold that yooth, ma'am, I'll teach him the roodiments of common p'liteness, which may be of 'vantage to him in the c'reer that's 'fore him!"

This reasonable request served but to increase the "youth's" unbecoming merriment.

"This roodness'll be 'membered!" he added, belligerently. "'F it wasn't for the lady, I'd prodooce some pers'nal injoories by means o' poogilism?"

"Your moderation and gallantry are worthy of imitation," the lady remarked, smiling despite her efforts to appear serious.

"Will you do me a favor, faithfully and secretly?" she added, immediately.

"Be good 'nough to ask me to scomplish somethin' that can't be scomplished 'thout the loss a leg?" Dick looked up at the lady in a manner strikingly grotesque.

"Follow the person with Mr. Groves," rejoined the lady, biting her rosy lip to subdue the inclination to join in the smothered outbreaks of mirth that convulsed her attendent, "and privately give him this ring, and say to him that Olive Reaburn sent it."

She placed a broad piece of silver in Dick's hand to reward the required service, the genuineness of which he very deliberately tested by ringing it upon the pavement, and trying the hardness of the metal with his teeth.

"I'll do it if takes a week," he heartily replied. "Like your ways and the spression your eyes. Ruther see you than see the statovary at the Mooseum; voice 'minds me of little Jenny's; it's so soft and moosical."

"When did Jenny die?"

"This mornin'; though I didn't b'lieve she's goin' to, no'standin' she kept 'surin' me she's goin'. Didn't 'semble *me* much, an' you'd say the same, if you's to see her."

"Are your parents in comfortable circumstances?"

"'F they be, it's somethin' unbeknown to me, an' I'd thank somebody in the sconfidence the fam'ly to break the noos to me! For other itums would 'spectfully 'fer ye to Tumbledown Alley, number six, which is located next to the ten'ment nearest to it on the same side."

"I will call there to-morrow," said Miss Raeburn.

"Wont find it 'tic'larly clean in that 'cinity. The air's 'stignished by a pecooliar oodor, that aint 'fensive when you git used to it as a perfoom."

Richard ran toward the Public Garden, in the direction of which he could see Harper and Groves, who had already taken a turn around the little basin, where the fountain plays on sunny afternoons and holidays.

Clutching the piece of silver in his palm, and thrusting his hand in his pocket for double security, he kept the gentlemen in sight until they turned back upon their steps and took the shortest way to the nearest saloon. Gilbert pause at the bar, while Alfred passed on into a small apartment beyond. This was an opportunity not to be neglected, and Dick glided in after him and faithfully delivered the ring and the message.

This important matter attended to, he left the saloon and walked slowly toward Tumbledown Alley. It was then half-past ten. Notwithstanding his resolve not to return, he felt a lurking desire to note more particularly the change that had come over Jenny. With hesitating tread he approached the gloomy abode constituting his only home in the wide world. At the door he felt a strange awe gathering upon him, making him unwilling to enter. Usually he went in with a reckless, care-for-nothing step, whistling or singing some song of the street; now he sat down on the steps with the thought that he would creep up stairs presently, when he was a little rested and more like himself. With his feet braced against one side of the decayed portal, and his back to the other, he sat quietly, his brain teeming with odd fancies. Gradually his cogitations grew confused. He lost his identity in a world where the most impossible things are done without the aid of bone and muscle. He was quickly transported to that fantastic region where happiness and misery are divided by a line more attenuated than the way over the flaming abyss to the Mussulman's paradise. Dreams visited Good-for-Nothing Dick, even as they find an entrance into the brains of the wise of earth.

It appeared to be morning. Jenny was saying that she was going away, and telling him to be a good boy. So his mind went over the closing scene with wonderful truthfulness to detail. There was the same vagueness in regard to the world where Jenny was going; but he had an idea that it was a place where bad boys were afraid to go. This imaginary picture affected him more than had the reality. It was a relief when the Shades, and the Nocturnal, and Your Money's Worth, together with Harper, his friend, and a beautiful lady, began to mingle in his dreamy vagaries.

He awoke between the hours of twelve and one, his head clearer but his mood less buoyant. The sombre burden of his dreams attended him into the waking world, weighing upon his spirits heavily. He crept noiselessly up stairs. The door that gave ingress to the room was closed, but the panels being cracked and shrunken he looked through them. A tallow-candle thrust into the mouth of a bottle, burned dimly on the table, casting a mournful light on every object. On the spot where he had last seen Jenny, something was lying, still and stiff, covered with a white cloth. A thrilling solemnity stole insensibly upon him. Death in its deep, deep quietude and inexorable fixedness, touched his usually impassive soul. Beyond the body, close to the wall, lay the father more dead than his child—dead to the better impulses of man's nature—in a trance-like stupor, his heavy respiration producing a hollow, regurgitating sound in his throat. His swollen lips had a quivering twitching motion, and the sides of his nose were pinched and collapsed.

Not far from the body, between it and the door, sat or rather crouched, Richard's mother, upon the floor, with her eyes fixed on the stilly outlines of the lifeless form. If there was any change in her appearance, she was calmer than when he left her, but her immobility was so pitiful to behold that Richard wished she would weep. She arose and uncovered Jenny's face; it was very white, and upon the lips there lingered a smile so placid and sweet, that he gazed in wonder. The features wore the same angelic expression as when she spoke of being so happy, clad so beautifully, lying upon a couch of roses. Then he began to believe that she had indeed gone to a better land in some inexplicable way, although not well understanding how that could be while her body was there before him. His mother kissed Jenny's forehead, drew the cloth over the face, and quietly resumed her former attitude, retaining the same tearless look, which spoke a language more indicative of crushing sorrow than plaintive wailings or despairing shrieks.

CHAPTER V.

ADAM BELL.

EVE WILDER was pursuing her humble vocation, while Richard Lee occupied his accustomed position near her.

"Do you know how to read?" the little lady inquired.

"Don't know O from a knot-hole!" said Dick, taking off his beaver to give his head an airing.

"Would you like to learn?" Eve asked, rather hesitatingly.

"Happy to say I shouldn't!" was the ungracious reply. "Why? Am sconscious it wouldn't 'gree with me; that's why. How do I know, seein' I've never tried the speriment? Know by what I've seen 'mong boys my age. Boys that read don't know how to 'fend theirselves when they're tackled. What's the good knowin' how to 'fend yourself? Will splain. 'F ye see anybody lookin' sassy at ye, can hit him 'tween the eyes, an' 'quire what did he go for to do that for?"

Eve could not make this peculiar line of conduct appear quite rational and right; so she innocently asked why he did not propose the reasonable question mentioned *before* the simple operation of "hitting;" to which he made answer, that that "wasn't his roole." The girl endeavored to show him that such "rooles" were wrong and would involve him in many quarrels, and eventually make him a bad name. She assured him that should he put his mind to the task with real earnestness of purpose, he would soon learn to read and write and reckon figures.

"Ruther 'magine don't care 'bout it," answered Dick, brushing his beaver carefully with a dirty fraction of an old silk handkerchief. "'Templated it one time, but heerd a minister say that Providence sometimes cuts off them that are very promisin' in the readin' an' refmetic line, so I 'bandoned it. Constitooled, I am, to do somethin' that don't 'quire much zertion the head; but tis'n't so with my legs an' arms. Why? 'Cause I'm stronger in my legs an' arms than in the convoloctions my head. An' this 'minds me that I must c'rect Tid next time I catch him 'lone. What for? Did he do somethin' wicked? He doubted my principils!"

Not feeling competent to draw nice distinctions, unable to see Tid's moral delinquency so palpably or in such criminal colors as Richard, Eve did not raise her voice against the enormity of which he complained, but turned the conversation to the subject still prominent in her mind—Dick's improvement. She was sorry when the approach of a third party interrupted the topic.

The individual advancing was obviously different from most men Richard had seen; this singularity was manifested both in dress and deportment. He was tall in person and of a bony conformation. His short satinets crawling ambitiously toward the calf; his abbreviated vest of cassimere, with buttons covered with the same; his coat of the old school style, with swallow-tails longer than Richard's; his coarse linen, the worse for potato starch; the stiff and pointed pattern of his dickey; his parti-colored neckcloth tied in a hard knot with long ends fluttering; his bell-crowned hat with narrow brim; his shambling walk; the curiosity patent in his eyes, all witnessed that he was country born and bred.

Adam Bell—we introduce him without delay—was possessed of a peculiar temperament, that rendered him liable to a certain moral weakness, which was evidenced in almost every act of his life. He was sincere and earnest, could express himself properly on ordinary topics, was guiltless of Yankee idioms or an undue share of personal vanity; but loved to dwell upon the lower phases of human nature; had a morbid appetite for vagrants and neglected children. It was his pet hobby, having made it an especial study. He was inclined to consider every ragged boy or girl he saw in the streets as coming within the limits of vagrancy, feeling a strong desire to question all of this class and bring out the incidents of their miserable lives in startling detail. A vague yet alarming idea of the miseries of cities, haunted him at all seasons, and he wanted to put an immediate stop to poverty, immorality and its consequences. The wrecks of past schemes and the dim skeletons of present ones, continually mixed and mingled in his benevolent mind. His brain was a sort of kaleidoscope composed of broken bits of shining philanthropy reflecting all kinds of views.

A tender-hearted man was Adam Bell—a large-hearted man—listening tearfully to every tale of sorrow that was told him, bestowing alms on the street beggar, and retiring to bed with the sublime consciousness that he had bettered the condition of humanity. If a dirty urchin thrust his fist into his eye and whimpered, Adam Bell thrust his hand into his pocket. If an old woman with a haggard face and tattered wardrobe mumbled her stereotyped story and sobbed at him, presenting a thin arm, and bony, shaking fingers, he hunted for a piece of silver and believed he answered the end and aim of human charity in dropping it into her dingy palm.

This kind gentleman could contemplate Richard and Eve from his point of view only. The pretty features and modest demeanor of the latter interested him quite as much as the harder visage and less promising expression of the former. He approached to fathom the depths of their neglected condition.

"Do you know, my little girl, who composed your mortal body?" he asked, in a tone slightly severe.

This interrogatory was so unexpected and of such a singular tenor that it threw Eve into irretrievable confusion; she stammered:

"Sir!" and looked like a guilty little girl.

"Do you know who made you?" resumed Adam Bell, putting his question into simpler form; but Eve remained mute, her lustrous eyes dilated, her rosy lips parted.

"We're Hottentoots an' suavages—don't have no institootions 'mong us! Haven't been sposed to the gospil—never had the means of grace brung

to us!" interrupted Richard, in behalf of his perplexed companion.

"I should like to learn in what manner you manage to live?" added Adam Bell, in a conciliatory tone, glancing mildly at Richard.

"I'm a outlaw!" said Dick, quaintly, contracting his brows, erecting his head, partially shutting his eyes, and pursing his nether lips like a bandit. "Live by var'ous covert acts; go forth like a roof'n in the still watches the night; take blinds from winders, tiles from roofs, clothes from lines, bricks from sidewalks, papers from door-steps, copper b'ilers from kitchens, lead pipe from systums, an' iron shoes from hosses."

"Here's another blunder!" said Adam.

"Please to stop there a moment! It strikes me—I may be wrong—that the last item named must be attended with some inconvenience."

"Paritively easy, sir. Rob only the fore feet of unrooly broots. Over the most rampint ones make a few magnetic flourishes, which has the 'fect to squiet 'em 'mediately. That's the process, my frien'."

"There has been a mistake," said Adam, regretfully, addressing his auditors as if they were his equals in age and experience, "which I am feebly striving to straighten out. Why do I imagine there has been a mistake? I will tell you: When I see houseless and homeless children, dirty without and corrupt within; when I see friendless and broken-spirited women gliding about the streets like guilty spectres, asking for alms; when I see graceless, lost, and criminal vagabonds laughing at their own misery, making merry over the pit of their own infamy, I think there has been a mistake!"

Adam Bell looked fixedly at the ground as if the mistake was lying there at his feet.

"I should like to do something—I should indeed!" he resumed quietly but earnestly. "I should like to make this complicated botch less a botch, if that were possible. That is what I wish to do; but the great error is ever before me, and I cannot look above or beyond it. Go on, lad."

"Fraid you're a officer the lor," said Richard.

"No," replied Adam, with an open, genial smile, "I am not an officer, you mistake my character. I happen, more by luck than any good wit, to be a representative to the general court, from Belltown. It's nothing to be proud of—quite the contrary, I'm inclined to think—this whole sublunary establishment is such a failure—such a dead failure, I may say. I assist to make laws," he abstractedly added; "but law is a humbug—everything is a humbug!"

"Troo, my frien'," said Richard, benignantly, "but some of them kind of bugs is bigger'n others, an' make good 'cal noise straddlin' 'bout. Hope you wont make no lors injoorious to yooths in my spear; ag'in settin' fires an' sich like?"

Adam Bell expressed a hope that he did not set fires, that being a serious breach of the laws.

"Only when the shoo business is dull, an' railroad shares is redooced."

"Proceed," said Adam. "You have nothing to fear from me."

"That 'lieves my mind," replied Dick. "I'll give ye my sconfidence. Sometimes I crawl down chimbleys in pursoot of loose property, 'propriate gridirons, coal-hods, an' flat heaters. Entered the gov'nor's house once through the common sooer; 'stracted his autograph for a lady frien', a paper of loocifers an' a box of blackin' for myself."

Adam Bell pointed good-naturedly to Richard's feet which were of an inky hue.

"Yes," said Dick, composedly, "I put on a layer of Day & Martin every mornin'; it makes 'em look like French calves."

"Where do you live?"

"Where do I live? Will tell ye," Richard straightened up, screwed his under lip into a more sinister expression than before, shut his eyes again and simulated the reckless bearing of a young pirate of the high seas.

"Where do I live? Go ask the dog that's lost his master where he lives! Live here an' there, at the north end an' south end, up town an' down town; out doors an' in doors; in attics an' cellars, jes' where I happen to be. Where do I board? Board where I eats my victooals. Where do I sleep? Sometimes may be found curled up in a hogshead, stretched out in a avenoo, snorin' in a alley, or dreamin' in a stable; but gen'rally sleep stan'in'. Where'll you find me if you want to see me? Couldn't tell. Why? 'Cause I aint in the sooperior condition an' haven't no abstroose powers. Likely's not you'll 'scover me in Tumbledown Alley, 'tendin' to my 'fairs; p'r'aps in the poolice court a pleadin' my own scase; an' ag'in in the city hall waitin' for a office. What's my name? The 'nitials my name begin with Richard Lee. Who's my pairunts? Am a fo'ndlin' an' a vagabone, cousin to the present commodoor the marines. Why don't I mend an' come a ornamint to s'ciety? Too late to be a ornamint; time of bein' a ornamint has gone. I'm a gloomy misanthroop—don't care what comes of me!"

Dick flourished his hand violently, as if writing his fell purpose not to care what became of him in the air, that it might be wafted up and down the earth forever. The sympathetic and really simple-minded gentleman made a feeling endeavor to change his stoical resolve.

"Tis frootless!" said Richard, with an impatient gesture.

So Adam, perceiving that nothing could be done for one so reckless, addressed some kind words to Eve, gave each a dime, and resumed his search for vagrants.

"I wonder at you, Dick!" exclaimed Eve, in an aggrieved voice. "How can you be so wicked as to creep down chimneys and take gridirons!"

"Not a roodimunt of trooth in it; 'vented the story as I went 'long," he replied, soothingly, and soon after left her to avoid her gentle reproofs.

Sauntering down Tremont Street, he met a dejected boy, who had within a day or two made his advent in the city; the clattering city, which so confused and startled him with its novelty and total unconcern for lads from the country. The first newness and surprise was yet fresh upon him; so when he asked Richard if he knew any person who wanted the services of a boy, it was with some timidity and awkwardness of manner.

over the face, and quietly resumed her former attitude, retaining the same tearless look, which spoke a language more indicative of crushing sorrow than plaintive wailings or despairing shrieks.

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"Don't know O from a knot-hole!" said Dick, taking off his beaver to give his head an airing.

"Would you like to learn?" Eve asked, rather hesitatingly.

"Happy to say I shouldn't!" was the ungracious reply. "Why? Am sconscious ft wouldn't 'gree with me; that's why. How do I know, seein' I've never tried the speriment? Know by what I've seen 'mong boys my age. Boys that read don't know how to 'fend theirselves when they're tackled. What's the good knowin' how to 'fend yourself? Will splain. 'F ye see anybody lookin' sassy at ye, can hit him 'tween the eyes, an' 'quire what did he go for to do that for?"

Eve could not make this peculiar line of conduct appear quite rational and right; so she innocently asked why he did not propose the reasonable question mentioned *before* the simple operation of "hitting;" to which he made answer, that that "wasn't his roole." The girl endeavored to show him that such "rooles" were wrong and would involve him in many quarrels, and eventually make him a bad name. She assured him that should he put his mind to the task with real earnestness of purpose, he would soon learn to read and write and reckon figures.

"Ruther 'magine don't care 'bout it," answered Dick, brushing his beaver carefully with a dirty fraction of an old silk handkerchief. "'Templated it one time, but heerd a minister say that Providence sometimes cuts off them that are very promisin' in the readin' an' refmetic line, so I 'bandoned it. Constitooled, I am, to do somethin' that don't 'quire much zertion the head; but tis'n't so with my legs an' arms. Why? 'Cause I'm stronger in my legs an' arms than in the convolootions my head. An' this 'minds me that I must e'rect Tid next time I catch him 'lone. What for? Did he do somethin' wicked? He doubted my principils!"

Not feeling competent to draw nice distinctions, unable to see Tid's moral delinquency so palpably or in such criminal colors as Richard, Eve did not raise her voice against the enormity of which he complained, but turned the conversation to the subject still prominent in her mind—Dick's improvement. She was sorry when the approach of a third party interrupted the topic.

The individual advancing was obviously different from most men Richard had seen; this singularity was manifested both in dress and deportment. He was tall in person and of a bony conformation. His short satinets crawling ambitiously toward the calf; his abbreviated vest of cassimere, with buttons covered with the same; his coat of the old school style, with swallow-tails longer than Richard's; his coarse linen, the worse for potato starch; the stiff and pointed pattern of his dickey; his parti-colored neckcloth tied in a hard knot with long ends fluttering; his bell-crowned hat with narrow brim; his shambling walk; the curiosity patent in his eyes, all witnessed that he was country born and bred.

Adam Bell—we introduce him without delay—was possessed of a peculiar temperament, that rendered him liable to a certain moral weakness, which was evidenced in almost every act of his life. He was sincere and earnest, could express himself properly on ordinary topics, was guiltless of Yankee idioms or an undue share of personal vanity; but loved to dwell upon the lower phases of human nature; had a morbid appetite for vagrants and neglected children. It was his pet hobby, having made it an especial study. He was inclined to consider every ragged boy or girl he saw in the streets as coming within the limits of vagrancy, feeling a strong desire to question all of this class and bring out the incidents of their miserable lives in startling detail. A vague yet alarming idea of the miseries of cities, haunted him at all seasons, and he wanted to put an immediate stop to poverty, immorality and its consequences. The wrecks of past schemes and the dim skeletons of present ones, continually mixed and mingled in his benevolent mind. His brain was a sort of kaleidoscope composed of broken bits of shining philanthropy reflecting all kinds of views.

A tender-hearted man was Adam Bell—a large-hearted man—listening tearfully to every tale of sorrow that was told him, bestowing alms on the street beggar, and retiring to bed with the sublime consciousness that he had bettered the condition of humanity. If a dirty urchin thrust his fist into his eye and whimpered, Adam Bell thrust his hand into his pocket. If an old woman with a haggard face and tattered wardrobe mumbled her stereotyped story and sobbed at him, presenting a thin arm, and bony, shaking fingers, he hunted for a piece of silver and believed he answered the end and aim of human charity in dropping it into her dingy palm.

This kind gentleman could contemplate Richard and Eve from his point of view only. The pretty features and modest demeanor of the latter interested him quite as much as the harder visage and less promising expression of the former. He approached to fathom the depths of their neglected condition.

"Do you know, my little girl, who composed your mortal body?" he asked, in a tone slightly severe.

This interrogatory was so unexpected and of such a singular tenor that it threw Eve into irretrievable confusion; she stammered:

"Sir!" and looked like a guilty little girl.

"Do you know who made you?" resumed Adam Bell, putting his question into simpler form; but Eve remained mute, her lustrous eyes dilated, her rosy lips parted.

"We're Hottentoots an' suavages—don't have no institootions 'mong us! Haven't been sposed to the gospil—never had the means of grace brung

to us!" interrupted Richard, in behalf of his perplexed companion.

"I should like to learn in what manner you manage to live?" added Adam Bell, in a conciliatory tone, glancing mildly at Richard.

"I'm a outlaw!" said Dick, quaintly, contracting his brows, erecting his head, partially shutting his eyes, and pursing his nether lips like a bandit. "Live by var'ous oovert acts; go forth like a roofi'n in the still watches the night; take blinds from winders, tiles from roofs, clothes from lines, bricks from sidewalks, papers from door-steps, copper b'ilers from kitchens, lead pipe from systums, an' iron shoos from hosses."

"Here's another blunder!" said Adam.

"Please to stop there a moment! It strikes me—I may be wrong—that the last item named must be attended with some inconvenience."

"Paritively easy, sir. Rob only the fore feet of unrooly broots. Over the most rampint ones make a few mugnetic flourishes, which has the 'fect to squiet 'em 'mediately. That's the proocess, my frien'."

"There has been a mistake," said Adam, regretfully, addressing his auditors as if they were his equals in age and experience, "which I am feebly striving to straighten out. Why do I imagine there has been a mistake? I will tell you: When I see houseless and homeless children, dirty without and corrupt within; when I see friendless and broken-spirited women gliding about the streets like guilty spectres, asking for alms; when I see graceless, lost, and criminal vagabonds laughing at their own misery, making merry over the pit of their own infamy, I think there has been a mistake!"

Adam Bell looked fixedly at the ground as if the mistake was lying there at his feet.

"I should like to do something—I should indeed!" he resumed quietly but earnestly. "I should like to make this complicated botch less a botch, if that were possible. That is what I wish to do; but the great error is ever before me, and I cannot look above or beyond it. Go on, lad."

"Fraid you're a officer the lor," said Richard.

"No," replied Adam, with an open, genial smile, "I am not an officer, you mistake my character. I happen, more by luck than any good wit, to be a representative to the general court, from Belltown. It's nothing to be proud of—quite the contrary, I'm inclined to think—this whole sublunary establishment is such a failure—such a dead failure, I may say. I assist to make laws," he abstractedly added; "but law is a humbug—everything is a humbug!"

"Troo, my frien'," said Richard, benignantly, "but some of them kind of bugs is bigger'n others, an' make good 'eal noise straddlin' 'bout. Hope you wont make no lors injoorious to yooths in my spear; ag'in settin' fires an' sich like?"

Adam Bell expressed a hope that he did not set fires, that being a serious breach of the laws.

"Only when the shoo business is dull, an' railroad shares is redoooced."

"Proceed," said Adam. "You have nothing to fear from me."

"That 'lieves my mind," replied Dick. "I'll give ye my sconfidence. Sometimes I crawl down chimbleys in pursoot of loose property, 'propriate gridirons, coal-hods, an' flat-heaters. Entered the gov'nor's house once through the common sooer; 'stracted his autoograph for a lady frien', a paper of loocifers an' a box of blackin' for myself."

Adam Bell pointed good-naturedly to Richard's feet which were of an inky hue.

"Yes," said Dick, composedly, "I put on a layer of Day & Martin every mornin'; it makes 'em look like French calves."

"Where do you live?"

"Where do I live? Will tell ye." Richard straightened up, screwed his under lip into a more sinister expression than before, shut his eyes again and simulated the reckless bearing of a young pirate of the high seas.

"Where do I live? Go ask the dog that's lost his master where he lives? Live here an' there, at the north end an' south end, up town an' down town; out doors an' in doors; in attics an' cellars, jes' where I happen to be. Where do I boord? Boord where I eats my victooals. Where do I sleep? Sometimes may be found curled up in a hogshead, stretched out in a avenoo, snorin' in a alley, or dreamin' in a stable; but gen'rally sleep stan'in'. Where'll you find me if you want to see me? Couldn't tell. Why? 'Cause I aint in the sooperior condition an' haven't no abstroose powers. Likely's not you'll 'scover me in Tumbledown Alley, 'tenddin' to my 'fairs; p'r'aps in the poolice coort a pleadin' my own scase; an' ag'in in the city hall waitin' for a office. What's my name? The 'nitials my name begin with Richard Lee. Who's my pairunts? Am a fo'ndlin' an' a vagabones, cousin to the presint commodoor the marines. Why don't I mend an' come a ornamint to s'ciety? Too late to be a ornamint; time of bein' a ornamint has gone. I'm a gloomy misanthroop—don't care what comes of me!"

Dick flourished his hand violently, as if writing his fell purpose not to care what became of him in the air, that it might be wafted up and down the earth forever. The sympathetic and really simple-minded gentleman made a feeling endeavor to change his stoical resolve.

"'Tis frootless!" said Richard, with an impatient gesture.

So Adam, perceiving that nothing could be done for one so reckless, addressed some kind words to Eve, gave each a dime, and resumed his search for vagrants.

"I wonder at you, Dick!" exclaimed Eve, in an aggrieved voice. "How *can* you be so wicked as to creep down chimneys and take gridirons!"

"Not a roodimunt of trooth in it; 'vented the story as I went 'long," he replied, soothingly, and soon after left her to avoid her gentle reproofs.

Sauntering down Tremont Street, he met a dejected boy, who had within a day or two made his advent in the city; the clattering city, which so confused and startled him with its novelty and total unconcern for lads from the country. The first newness and surprise was yet fresh upon him; so when he asked Richard if he knew any person who wanted the services of a boy, it was with some timidity and awkwardness of manner.

Richard stopped, placed a reflective finger to his lips and mused profoundly and it would seem regretfully.

"Wanted a man this mornin', but I've sooted myself."

The applicant was disappointed; "couldn't the person that 'sooted' be turned off?"

"No, it would be a gross breach of trust which he could not think of for the briefest space of time conceivable."

"What kind of work did Richard do?"

"He had taken a dock to bail out."

"Was it hard work?"

"Not hard, but it kept one busy. Did he understand farming?"

"Thought he did; was born on a farm."

"Wish I'd seen you 'fore," said Richard. "Got to put the plow right into this patch o' ground soon's ever the frost's out," he added, pointing to the Common.

"Wasn't the frost out yet?"

"By no means! it was a foot deep; had seen ice on that field in Jooly."

"Can you open oysters?"

"Never did open one; guess I could—powerful strong in the arms."

"Do you know figgers?"

"Have suffered through the rule three."

"Got any capitil?"

"A ninepunts."

"Then I can do sunthin' for you; know a man wants a pardner that understan's math'matics an' has a ninepunts capitil. Come right 'long, my young frien', an' I'll d'rect you."

Did Richard think he would do for the person in question? He was sure of it. What might be his name?

"Rufus Kipp."

Rufus and his powerful patron were presently opposite the house; the latter pointed toward it.

"There, Roofus, is the place where a pardner's wanted 'bout your age. Walk in an' 'ply to the man at the desk in the office; I'll be in there, time you get the 'greement made."

Rufus thanked his benefactor, crossed the way, and Richard saw him run up the steps of the establishment in question, as he walked on.

Richard was passing a saloon as two persons came out, whom he at once recognized as his recent acquaintances, Harper and Groves; and he trudged carelessly on in their wake, never neglecting an opportunity to thrust his elbows into well clad boys who crowded him, to roll his tongue into his cheek when he met rustic lads, to wink at timid maidens, and to squint ludicrously at gaudy, dashing ones. Once he had the satisfaction of running against a colored youth who was putting up shutters, leaving him whimpering on his back with an iron bar across his stomach.

Dick marked his way by mischievous triumphs, at the same time keeping Alfred and Gilbert in view, whose course was somewhat erratic. They disappeared for a moment at the open door of a restaurant, but soon came out, moving onward to the wharves in a great flow of spirits.

The last rays of sunlight had crept from the slated roofs, gilding no longer the tall church spires. A soft twilight hung over the city, and like a potent fire-annihilator seemed to extinguish the fiery zeal that had kept the metropolis noisy, bustling, and busy during the day. This gentle proscenium of night stretched out into the bay, throwing a dreamy dimness over the distant sails and motionless hulks an anchor, settling in silvery mist upon the undulating waters.

The melodious tones of a violin, proceeding from the cabin of a bark close at hand, floated to Dick's ear with entrancing effect. The sweet chords glided into his brain and danced along his nerves. Intensely interested he paused and kept time with his head, hands and feet, experiencing a pleasure he could not express in giving himself up to the inspiration of the melody. The gross, everyday world faded from his remembrance. He forgot that he was a good-for-nothing—Tumbledown Alley had no reflected image in his present consciousness.

The music ceased. A sudden fall into the water followed by a vigorous splashing, disturbed his rapt condition. He ran toward the spot whence the significant sounds came. Just as he reached the opposite side of the wharf, he saw a person resembling Gilbert Groves swiftly turning a corner a few rods distant. Whether he uttered a feeble cry for help, or whether it was some other sound wafted to his ears, Richard could not determine. Looking into the water he saw a man struggling to keep upon the surface. The tide was at the ebb, and bearing him away from the friendly timbers of the wharf—to a burial in the sea. He threw up his arms in an agony of suffocation and sank.

"Strike out—swim!" cried Richard, as the man came up panting and struggling. These energetic words penetrated his ears, recalling him to his normal, sober perceptions, reminding him that he was an excellent swimmer. But he had swallowed water, and even the consciousness that he was able to buffet the waves could not restore his benumbed faculties. He made a few ineffectual attempts to obey Dick's injunction, and then went into a flurry, splashing, choking, striking at random. Richard was quick to plan and execute. Seizing a joist from a pile of lumber, he threw it toward the drowning man, then tossing off his hat, the swallow-tails followed the joist in inverted order, while two dark feet presented their walking surfaces to the skies for a fractional portion of time. The well-seasoned soles disappeared beneath the waters, and an instant after Richard's head popped up from the briny tide. He swam, pushing the joist toward the struggler who was just rising from a second submersion. He caught at the support with drowning eagerness—he was safe, though chilled and exhausted.

"Here's 'nother blunder, as my frien' Adim would say!" said Richard, rolling lazily upon his back, and turning his quaint face toward Alfred, who was gasping for breath. The latter maintained his hold upon the timber, while the youth towed him to a convenient place, where he assisted him to effect a landing—a work of some difficulty.

Alfred sank upon the wharf, faint, shivering and unnerved, while Richard, seating himself near by, waited patiently for him to recover strength and self-possession.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

WE'RE GROWING OLD TOGETHER, JENNY.

BY BEATRICE.

We're growing old together, Jenny,
We're growing old together,
But with the help of God, Jenny,
We'll brave this wintry weather;
For our hearts, untouched by care, Jenny,
Can keep away the chill,
Let the storms of life beat round them
As rudely as they will!

We're growing old together, Jenny,
Our locks are silvery white;
But the sparkle of thine eye, Jenny,
Hath its look of old delight;
Thy voice has that warm music in it
As when we both were young;
Ah, I have loved it more, Jenny,
Than the sweetest song e'er sung!

We're growing old together, Jenny,
How it makes my old heart thrill!
As in fancy I roam o'er the bridge
To thy old haunt 'neath the hill,
Where, through the tall red cedars
The light came softly down,
And fell, with a softened radiance,
Upon thy tresses brown.

And the velvet blush upon the flower
Was not more deep than thine,
And thy eyes refused to meet my gaze,
As I asked thee to be mine.
'Twas a happy moment for me, Jenny,
And proud with all the rest,
When you yielded up your woman's soul
Unto this faithful breast!

Hast ever felt in thy heart, Jenny,
Repentance for the same?
And grieved, that thou must bear with me
My fortunes and my name?
Ah, by that half-reproachful look
I see how dark the thought,
We have not journeyed, side-by-side,
Unweariedly, for naught!

For we're growing old together, Jenny,
As our hearts grow young with love;
We fear not the winter of age, Jenny,
While the heaven looks bright above!
And the joy of doing good, Jenny,
Unto our neighboring ken,
Hath kept our spirits young, Jenny,
Though we're threescore and ten!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

BEAN AND BROWN.

NARRATING HOW THEY CAME OUT.

BY JOHN H INLY.

They kept a store together on —— Street. They were in co-partnership.

"I've done with you," said Bean to Brown, one afternoon.

"And I with *you!*" was the spirited answer.

"I've thought this long while you was a rascal and a knave!" said Bean.

"And I've had the same opinion of *you!*" was the retort.

"We dissolve this very day!"

"This very minute!"

"And I warn you never to cross my track again!" said Bean.

"Nor you mine," retorted Brown.

"Make out the papers at once, then!" said Bean.

"It can't be done a moment too soon for me!" replied Brown. And there they stopped.

The business was forthwith wound up, and each went his own way. The sign-board was wiped out clean again, as a boy wipes out the figures on his slate. The goods were sold out as fast as they would go, and thus the concern came to a period.

One afternoon, perhaps it was a month or six weeks later, Mr. Bean got into an omnibus to save a walk of half a mile or more. It was just coming dusk, so that one face could be distinguished from another only by the greatest pains. There was but a single passenger in the omnibus, and she was a lady. She had been in the vehicle sometime longer than Mr. Bean, but the instant he got in and sat down somewhere near the opposite side of her, she gave a long lurch forward, and either fainted, or pretended to faint away.

Mr. Bean was naturally a man of quick movements; and he sprang and caught her in his arms. Pulling the strap, he hastened out into the fresh air with her, where she revived the moment she reached the door. He kindly accompanied her to the walk, and asked for her address in order to see her safely home.

"O, dear!" she gasped, "I'm subject to these turns!"

"You are better now," said Mr. Bean, "where do you live?"

She now appeared to him to be a fair young creature, whose acquaintance he would be glad, he thought, to cultivate further. He wanted to know just the place where he might go and find her, if he should ever feel the inclination.

"Only a few blocks beyond," she feebly responded.

Whereupon she leaned with all her precious weight upon his arm, and suffered him to conduct her along until he reached the door.

The building was one of the middle ones in a spacious and uniform-looking block; so resembling the remainder, that even with the utmost care it would be very difficult to distinguish one from another. He conveyed her in. Some one came to the door to answer her ring; she begged to know to whom she was indebted for such an act of kindness and generosity; he bade her good-night with a hasty bow, and in this kind of haste and confusion left the place.

Of course he had omitted to take the particular notice that he should have taken, in order to fortify himself against any little mistakes or accidents, in case he was going to call at that house again soon. But he alone was to blame about it. If anything unpleasant occurred, whom would he have to find fault with but himself?

But Mr. Bean did go to see this young lady again, and it was only the second evening afterwards. By some carelessness he had omitted to obtain her name; he meant, therefore, to be doubly sure about the house she lived in. So up he marches to the door. He was so very sure he was right, that he was so much the more certain to go wrong. He rang the bell with a brave sort of a jerk. The girl came to the door.

"Is Miss—Miss—hem!—in, this evening?"

Evidently the girl had received her orders particularly beforehand, and was all ready to admit the gentleman who was expected to ring just about that time, without any delay. She asked no questions herself, but answered, "Yes, sir," right off on the spot, and let him in. Securing the door behind her, she led him cautiously along a narrow hall, up a flight of stairs, and opened the door of a large room that was elegantly furnished, but quite dimly lighted. Before he could have thought of such a thing as being lonely, in bounded a beautiful creature, all grace, all smiles, and sat down beside him on the sofa!

"Well," thought he to himself, "this is entirely unexpected, I must say!"

"I *knew* you would be here!" said she, shaking out her curls in his face. "There is no such word as *fail* with *you*, at any rate, is there?"

He answered mechanically, but knew not what.

"I hope you are well now," he ventured further.

"O, I never was heartier. I enjoy too good health almost. Sometimes I think I shall have to go to the doctor's and have a little blood let, my spirits are so high! You don't know what a inconvenience such great health is, once in a while! I must take some means to work it off."

"You was expecting me, it seems, then?"

"O, la! Have I been doing anything *else*, I'd like to know? And haven't I waited and waited till just such a time as this, to get some of the family out of the way? You are very kind to me, sir."

"I did no more than what any person of feeling would be willing and happy to do," he answered.

"Ah, yes; but then it isn't everyone that would remember the place, you know."

"All wouldn't probably be so interested as I."

"Ha! ha! You pay me a compliment, sir. Do you think, though, that our tastes will prove congenial?"

"I certainly hope so, my dear!" and he stopped short at thinking of what he had said.

"From what I know of you, sir, I am quite prepared to talk seriously of a project for—"

"Yes," interrupted Mr. Bean.

"It's such a novel way, too—"

"Very," he chimed in.

"And I'm so very much embarrassed about what belongs to me, too, as a lady."

"O, you've no occasion to feel in that way, believe me. Do not permit yourself to be over sensitive."

"I am afraid you may think me too forward."

"Not at all!"—with a little more fervor and demonstrativeness.

"I hesitated, but—"

"*Pray* don't feel troubled, my dear girl, about that!"—with still more earnestness, drawing nearer to her at the same time.

"Ah!" she scarcely breathed out, half closing her orbs, and more than half hoping he was going to embrace her on the spot. Which in fact he really did do.

She uttered a little, half-stifled scream. "O!"

He kissed; but in such a great hurry that he couldn't have enjoyed it much.

"*O!*" she screamed, louder than ever.

"Now what do you suppose," said she, after getting her breath, "was the reason I took such a liking to you? It isn't every one, I'd wish you to believe, that I would be as glad to see as I am you."

Mr. Bean in his heart hoped not.

"You write such *beautiful* letters, too," said she.

He didn't know what she meant by that, for, to his own knowledge, he never had written her a letter in the world.

"It was those that captured me."

Still he wondered as to her meaning.

"If you hadn't come to-night, I never should have had another word to say to you in the world."

"Then you expected me?" asked Mr. Bean, in a state of uncertainty.

"*Expected* you!" she repeated, in a tone of amazement.

"Yes."

"Why, of course I did! What else was I left to calculate on? Didn't you *say* you should be so happy, and so rejoiced, and so overcome, and all that, to see me wherever I should appoint, this evening?"

"*I!*"

"Yes; didn't you say so in your last note to me?"

"My last note to you?"

She was a little nettled by his parrot-like repetitions of his words.

"Why, certainly. You don't seem to understand me!"

"I don't, I must confess. My—last—note to you?"

"If I ever, now! Ha, ha, ha! But I shall be even with you for your nonsense. You mustn't think you are going to make *game* of me. I'm too smart for that!" And then a more serious thought flashed across her mind, "what could he mean by this sudden indifference?" She sat silent a little while, hoping to recover from the ill effect of her astonishment. Then she moved a trifle nearer to him again, having already pushed away without knowing it. Then she half debated between giving in altogether, without any further questions, and setting right to and finding out what he meant by denying he had ever written her. Divided between both plans, she pursued a little of each.

She first grew loving again. This he had no sort of objection to. Then she went on about the letters once more; and this it was that puzzled him.

"Now tell me," she said, coaxingly, "didn't you write me a letter in answer to mine, appointing a place of meeting? what has got into you to say you didn't?"

"I never wrote a letter to a lady in my life," he answered her.

She sat bolt upright.

"Do you mean what you say, sir?"

"Nothing else."

"You never answered one of my letters?"

"I never got one to answer."

"And yet came here to-night to see me for the first time, by appointment?"

"No. I have made no appointment at all."

"Not to call on me with a view to matrimony?"

She was really distressed.

"Upon my honor, nothing of the kind."

"Then why upon earth are you *here*, this evening? Tell me what sent you here to me, to-night!"

Here she sprang to her feet, and stood before him drawn up to the majestic height that her conflicting passions compelled.

"I came in only to see if you were well, after the accident in the omnibus."

"Accident—in—the—omnibus!"

"Yes. You remember you fainted. I assisted you."

"*Never!*"—with declamatory violence and emphasis.

"Then I declare for't, I'm all wrong."

"Then you *must* be, I should say. Never got a letter from me?"

"Not one."

"Nor wrote to me, either?"

"Not a single once that I know of."

She paused in her terribly mortifying thought, unable to go on. Then she appeared to have become in a degree more calm, and walked towards the door.

"This is all a sad mistake, sir," said she, "you must forget it."

"I will certainly try to," he returned, rising to go.

"At least let me be your guide to the door again. I will see that you receive no harm while *I* am present."

She trudged along, he after her. They came to the outer door at the end of the long hall. She opened it, and there stood, with his hand just ready to pull the bell, Mr. Brown, formerly of the respectable firm of "Bean and Brown!"

"You scoundrel!" exclaimed Brown, grappling at the other's throat.

"You villain!" cried Bean, raising his hand to defend himself.

"O!" shrieked the lady in the case, and sank fainting right at their feet.

They tussled and shook one another up pretty briskly. Opportunely a policeman was passing just at the moment, who rang the bell for assistance for the insensible lady, and collared the pugnacious parties with a view to take them under his especial charge. The next morning the papers all had it. It was really mortifying enough to all the parties concerned.

It seemed that Brown had been holding a secret correspondence with the lady for some time past, in obedience to a matrimonial advertisement he saw in the papers. She had not seen him before, nor until that night had he ever known as much as where she lived. He was a little tardy in his call, that was all; and his old partner, Bean, happened to mistake the door for the one into which, on the evening before, he had assisted his own lady friend in the omnibus! Altogether, it was a remarkably ill-omened adventure on both sides, and neither Mr. Bean nor Mr. Brown have been known to cultivate the acquaintance of the other sex since the day of their memorable disaster. We therefore sincerely advise all gentlemen in like circumstances to be sure and find the right address, before they put their hand to the bell-pull. The inside arrangements may be made for somebody else, and not at all for them.

Our Curious Department.

[Gathered for The Flag of our Union.]

Remarkable Dream.

In the celebrated cathedral of Notre Dame, in Paris, there is a monument in the sacristy of considerable interest; it was erected by the Duchesse d'Harcourt, to commemorate the death of her husband, and a remarkable dream that predicted the event. He was ambassador at the Court of Vienna, while she remained in Paris. She dreamed that she saw him lying sick and dying in his coffin, and that as she rushed forward to rescue him, he leaned forward to embrace her, and in this act he expired. The letter acquainting her with his death, informed her it had occurred at the very hour in which she beheld this vision. So extraordinary a circumstance was commemorated by her in a monument, where the scene of the dream is represented.

Odd Signs.

A gentleman lately travelling through Grantham, in Lincolnshire, England, observed the following lines under the sign-post, on which was placed an inhabited bee-hive:

"Two wonders, Grantham, now are thine,
The highest spire, and a living sign."

At another public house, where London porter was sold, there was a figure of Britannia in a reclining posture, engraved upon a tankard, with the punning motto, "pray sup-porter."

Singular Pledge.

As a couple at Marton were being married at the parish church of Poulton-le-Fylde, lately, the bridegroom, instead of saying "I will," when asked by the clergyman if he would love, comfort, and honor his chosen spouse, pertly replied, "I'll do my best." The minister severely reprimanded the man for his levity, and threatened to stop the ceremony; but an apology induced him to make the couple "one flesh."

The Golden Tooth.

In 1593 it was reported that a Silesian child, seven years old, had lost all its teeth, and that a golden tooth had grown in the place of a natural double one. One learned man after another wrote volumes on this marvel, and nothing was wanting to recommend these erudite writings to posterity, but proof that the tooth was gold. A goldsmith examined it, and found it a natural tooth, artificially gilt.

Strange Pilgrimage.

Catherine de Medicis made a vow that if certain undertakings of hers prospered, she would send a pilgrim on foot to Jerusalem, and that every three steps he advanced he should go one back. A citizen of Verberie actually accomplished this tedious journey, and was liberally rewarded by the queen, being well paid and made a noble. His coat of arms had a cross and a branch of a palm-tree.

Ingenious Example.

The difficulty of applying rules to the pronunciation of our language may be illustrated in two lines, where the combination of the letters *ough* is pronounced in no less than seven different ways, viz., as o, uf, of, up, ow, oo and ock.

Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me through,
O'er life's dark lough my course I still pursue.

Queer Clerical Customs.

A stand for an hour-glass remains in many English pulpits. A rector of Sibury used to preach two hours, regularly turning the glass. After the text, the esquire of the parish withdrew, smoked his pipe, and returned to the blessing. Lecturer's pulpits had also hour-glasses. The priest had sometimes a watch found him by the parish.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE LAME CHILD.

BY OSCAR G. HUGHAN.

Bear with him gently; God in his mystic power
Has laid his hand in sore affliction on him;
Light with your calm forbearance every hour,
And cheer the gloom which sits so dark upon him.
Chide not the murmurs of his sad young heart;
Young in the count of years, but old and gray
In heart-throbs of intensest agony—now a part
Of his own being, commingled with the clay.
It was not always thus: the press of sorrow
Now so deep, was silent once, and still;
There was no dread to meet the coming morrow,
Lest it should bring a tenfold greater ill;
The woods and fields to him were playmates then;
He knew the voices of the moss-clad rock;
But O how changed the strickened wanderer, when
Those forest friendships serveth but to mock
The dreamings of his youth, which promises well
For all that mortals dare to hope, or more—
Beauty and intellectual power. In one dark hour all fell,
The splendid dream-sleep of his life was o'er.
And still he bears it patiently: no moan, save what
The iron hand of pain crushes from out his heart;
He bears the laugh, and song, and shout, though long forgot,
The blessed hours when he took a part,
Nor chides the merriment.
With pale face turned away,
He looks into the twilight warm and dim,
Through eyes which love its teaching more than they.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE MASKER'S PROPHECY.

BY MRS. J. D. BALDWIN.

The clouds had rolled away, and the clear light of an Italian moon shone brightly on the sweep of the Lagoon at Venice, as a young man, dressed in black, descended the steps leading to the pier. Gliding along, he drew his plumed cap further on his gloomy brow, beneath which flashed eyes in keeping with the inflexible resolve that curved his lips; yet despite his stern features, Antonio Zavali was eminently handsome. Seeing his friend Francis Mancini approach, Antonio's dark visage became suddenly lighted up with the fire of intelligence, and a witching smile, that alone was wanting to complete his manly beauty. Pushing aside the sable plume that had darkened his contracted brow, the noble arch of an intellectual forehead wore a courteous grace, as he saluted him with, "Ha, Francis! well met, after so long an interval. How have you enjoyed yourself the while, Sir Troubadour?"

"Gallantry and love-making, as usual."

"What new divinity, now, Francis?"

"Come with me to-night, to the Moretti Palace, and judge for yourself."

And so they separated; Francis Mancini shaping his course by the circuitous labyrinth that terminated in the Palazza, while Antonio, calling to his gondolier, was conveyed to another part of the City of the Sea.

That night the balconies of the Moretti Palace presented to the passers in the various gondolas, a most brilliant spectacle. The tall windows were radiant with the blaze of chandeliers, seen through rose-tinted, silken draperies fringed with silver, and festooned with flowers; showing groups of high-born dames and gallant cavaliers, while the hum of conversation and the lively peals of laughter of the plumed and jewelled occupants resounded above the waters, mingling with the echoing ball-room strains.

Early in the evening the steel prow of a gondola had grated on the marble steps leading to the water-gate of the palace, from which Francis Mancini, leaping out, stationed himself within the gate, so as to see all who might enter, while carefully adjusting his drooping plume, effectually to conceal his own features. Nor did he alter his position, though crowds passed him to the scene of festivity, until, as if by electric shock, he sprang forward to meet two ladies, who, veiled, were assisted from their gondola by Antonio Zavali, and with him ascended the water flight of steps to the entrance gate where he waited. Darting forward, he whispered "Giulia!" as the taller and more slender of the ladies passed, to which "Francis!" was responded, in soft, musical accent, as he raised his dark plume.

Placing her arm within his, they rapidly traversed the marble pavement of the court, up the flight of steps, and crossing the lighted hall, the lady pushed aside the curtain of a folding door at its extremity, and disappeared. Meantime Antonio Zavali conducted the magnificent Lady Villiers, the English aunt of the fair Giulia Monti, to the hall leading to the masker's robing room above, where he waited until the door-hangings were again pushed aside, and the two beautiful women, divested of their veils, and sparkling with jewels, appeared. To his surprise, Francis Mancini at the same moment sprang from behind an Etruscan vase, and tendering his arm to Giulia Monti, advanced towards the ball-room.

Annoyed, and resentful, Antonio Zavali, with a dark brow, slowly followed, conducting Lady Villiers, when, as if to augment his rage, as the blaze of a stronger light flooded round them, and music, dancing, and the hum of voices met their entrance, neither Francis nor Giulia was to be seen.

"Francis Mancini the favored lover of Giulia Monti!" muttered Antonio, fiercely between his clenched teeth, "never! She is mine—my affianced bride from childhood, and I will claim her in spite of every obstacle." Then making a violent effort to appear tranquil, he joined Lady Villiers in her mirthful sallies on the brilliant masquerade, as splendid Venetian mirrors gave back the festive scene.

Complaining of the heat, Lady Villiers seated herself on an ottoman in the recess of a window opening on a balcony; and there, standing side by side, looking on the placid waters below, stood Francis Mancini and Giulia Monti. Her flushed cheek and pleased smile attested that his low-breathed theme was not displeasing; as the vibrations of her fan swept back the raven curls from her brow and cheek, giving glimpses occasionally to Antonio of the love-lit glance raised to another's face. Unsuccessful in his effort to shake off his moodiness, he at last strode away, and mingling with the masked throng, was accosted by a gipsey who offered to tell his fortune.

At first he refused, but fretful at her importunity he gave an ungracious consent. Looking at the lines on his hand, she said, "the task of telling your destiny is easy. More difficult the task to guard against its dangers. The ways of love, like the politics of the Ten, are intricate, and slippery the steps of the Zavali palace, while the Lagoon is deep."

"How! what know you of the dreaded Ten, or the Zavali palace?" But the gipsey had disappeared, and after a vain search, he returned to the ball-room, where stationing himself by Lady Villiers he asked Giulia's hand for the next dance. As he led her forth his handsome face assumed its brightest smile, and he spoke in the low and winning tone none other had ever resisted. But though Giulia answered mechanically, her eye wandered to where Mancini stood, and noting this, Antonio became equally silent and abstracted.

At the sound of the distant Campanaille bell, the maskers began to disperse, and Mancini having escorted Giulia to her gondola, was about turning to seek his own, when he was startled by his arm being rudely grasped, and looking round, Antonio Zavali stood by his side.

"I would speak a word with you, Francis."

"A dozen, if you please, *amico mio.* I have been using all my eloquence in your behalf with the handsome widow. Her ample jointure will save you from further necessity for calling upon the Jews of the Rialto, whose assistance has already helped you to anticipate considerable, or report is wrong, from your ancestral inheritance."

"If you please, I would prefer you to select some other topic for your amusement, than either my poverty, or my compulsory attentions to an old, painted dowager."

"Right gladly we'll change the subject, if you will find me another as good. A wealthy English peeress comes to Italy at the urgent request of her brother-in-law, the Marquis Monti, to chaperone his only daughter, her niece. *Old* indeed! Lady Villiers has yet time, and to spare, wherein to consult her own inclinations, while he consults his best interests who is fortunate enough to win her."

"Now by Heaven! but this is too much. What is an English woman of quality to me, who am to all intents and purposes the betrothed husband of her niece? You start—but we were affianced from our very cradles, and I have waited you here, to ask back the pearl spray of the chain that clasped back her hair, and escaping from the braids in the dance, fell. You raised the spray and placed it in your breast. I saw it all; and now, as her affianced husband, I demand that you restore it to me."

"What, resign what I have her permission to keep? Never!"

"Resign it instantly, or—" And snatching at the chain ere Francis was aware of his intention, he had secured the spray, and thrusting it deep within his own vest, his sword glittered bright in the moonlight.

A fierce struggle ensued, during which both parties proceeded from blows, to disentangle the folds of their cloaks; Mancini endeavored to get at his sword, but ere he had time to unsheath the blade, Zavali plunged his, already freed from the scabbard, into the breast of his antagonist, who, with a low moan, fell to the ground. At that late hour the deed was unseen. Kneeling for a moment where the victim lay prostrate at his feet, Zavali called his name in a whisper, when receiving no answer, he sprang to his feet, and unlocking his gondola, brought it alongside the pier where his victim lay. Placing the body in the boat, he rowed for very life to the deepest part of the Lagoon. Then dropping his oars as he heard the sound of approaching voices, he rested for a moment irresolute; but his habitual energy returning, he shoved his victim into the water, and catching up his oars, darted away with the speed of lightning. Three days from that time he called at the Palazza Monti.

"Have you seen Francis, Zavali?" asked Giulia. The conversation had become insensibly drawn to the mysterious disappearance of Mancini.

Zavali paled, as if a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet, but controlling the weakness, he replied, as if trying to recollect, "Not since the night of the ball; but why does my fair Giulia take such an interest in his disappearance?"

Before Giulia, pale and distressed, could reply. Lady Villiers entered the room, when Zavali gladly changed the subject, and shortly after, with a look of reproachful tenderness at his mistress, and a respectful reverence to Lady Villiers, he took his leave.

But other visitors called that morning at the Monti Palace; among them the Count Vidali, who at once threw the first light upon the mystery of Mancini's disappearance. He stated that returning with his daughter from the masque at the Moretti Palace, although near when a man was thrown into the Lagoon, the haziness of the night, the moon being obscured, prevented them seeing either the assassin or the victim, who rose struggling on the waves, until their gondola came nearly upon him. By the aid of the gondolier the count succeeded in drawing him into the boat. He was even now at the Vidali palace; but the struggles of drowning, added to a severe wound, left him still in a precarious state. Supposing him from his rich attire to be some victim of the state, he had determined to say nought of the matter, until he felt free to announce it, from the report that the young Mancini was unaccountably missing.

Little dreaming that his victim lay ill and delirious, though carefully tended, in the Vidala Palace, Antonio Zavali called there on his return from seeing Giulia. Very beautiful was Rosalie Vidali, whose passions, however, were wild and ungovernable. She had long loved the handsome Zavali with all the warmth of her impassioned nature, and this regard had at one time been as ardently reciprocated. Of late, however, her jealousy of the stately Giulia had led to many outbursts of temper, coupled with threats, proving that her fierce love might easily turn into as deadly hate. While conversing with her in his usual sentimental strain, her quick eye detected a portion of the spray in his vest. The rare workmanship arrested her attention; snatching at it impetuously, she exclaimed, "And you visit me, Zavali, and indulge in expressions of love, while wearing the gifts of another!"

While disclaiming the charge Antonio endeavored to reclaim the bauble, but holding the jewelled clasp in her firm grasp Rosalie read the graven name of "Giulia," and flinging it scornfully from her, the plague spot deepening on her brow, she exclaimed, "Beware how you trifle with me, Antonio! Once deprived of the illusion that has made the earth a paradise, I could be a very fiend to work your ruin!"

Vainly he protested; the demon jealousy once aroused, refused to slumber, although her smile was as bright as ever when in reply to the appeals made to her regard, added to the petty arts in which long practice had rendered him a master, she said, "Art sure what you tell me is true? for you know I hold your life in my hands!" She appeared satisfied, but the affair was not forgotten.

Antonio's father, the old Count Zavali, representative of a noble Venetian family, by a long series of political intrigues, had been of late exiled from Venice, having previously been excluded from all participation in the councils of state. The aged senator had not submitted tamely to expulsion, but with Antonio had set about measures to effect such a revolution as should advance his own personal aggrandizement. Many of these had already come to the ears of the senators Vidali and his brother-in-law, the powerful noble Gamba. And now that Mancini had so far recovered as to tell that it was as Giulia's affianced husband Antonio had become his antagonist, and they learned that the young noble had dared to trifle with their beautiful, high spirited Rosalie, the stern patrician father and uncle determined that the slight should be fearfully avenged.

The dreaded Council of Ten was at this time omnipotent in Venice. One of the most influential members was the Count Gamba. Led into enormous debt by long extravagance, every hope based on maintaining his authority as a senator, together with the emoluments of the office, he was just the man to plan the destruction of such a dangerous rival of the mighty Ten.

It was night, and the senator's gondola shot rapidly past the steps of the ducal palace, into the canal that separates it from the prisons of state. Passing beneath the Bridge of Sighs, he stepped from his own curtained gondola into a black barge, on the benches of which, six men, also clad in black, sat silent as figures on graves. The night was dark, and the count did not remark that he was followed by a slight figure, wrapped in a cloak similar to that worn by the gipsey who had foreshadowed Zavali's fortune at the masquerade; or that ever near, another gondola followed closely in their wake. For a moment they stopped at the door of the hall at the base of the ducal palace, when the clanking of chains was heard, and a man shrouded in black was assisted into the barge, which was then swiftly and silently rowed until it reached the middle of the Lagoon. The state prisoner, over whose face a black hood was drawn, had not moved since taking the seat to which he had been pointed when assisted into the barge, but now the silence was broken.

"Count Antonio Zavali!" was spoken, in the hoarse voice of the Senator Gamba.

"I am he," was replied, in a firm, clear voice by the shrouded prisoner.

"Men, unlock his fetters, and bind on the weight."

The cruel task was promptly executed, by binding a bag filled with sand to his feet.

"Now cast him into the Lagoon."

Raising him in their arms, they let him fall heavily into the deep.

When the order to bind on the weight had been given, the young gipsey had bounded lightly to the barge's side, and as they raised him up, a bright blade gleamed a moment, as if severing the cord. When he fell, the slight form, with a thrilling shriek, sprang after, and the next moment both were lost to sight.

"Was not that a woman's voice?" asked the senator, with deep emotion.

But no answer was returned; the men seemed petrified, gazing at each other in wordless astonishment. Again he asked, but they had sunk back into their silent places, and no voice replied to his trembling inquiry. With superhuman might they urged their funeral barge onward unnoting the light gondola that remained above the place, where, clasping the sinking form of the prisoner in an undying embrace, the young gipsey disappeared from their sight. When, reentering his own gondola, the haughty patrician sped onward to his magnificent home, Rosalie was nowhere to be found, and the proud halls of the Vidali Palace soon echoed the unavailing groans of the childless father, and now penitent Senator Gamba

A month later, a few selected friends were assembled at the Monti Palace to witness the marriage of Giulia Monti to Francis Mancini. Immediately after the marriage ceremony the bridal party, consisting of the newly wedded pair, the Marquis Monti, and Lady Villiers, set out on a visit to the fair bride's relations in England. After a season in the world of fashion, our trio returned to Italy, leaving Lady Villiers at home.

A few months had passed after their return to Venice, and Lady Villiers, standing one moon-lit night with a few friends in a balcony of Montague House, her home on the bank of the Severn, she remarked to a fine-looking foreigner who stood near her, "Do you know, count, this moonlight on the still river here, reminds me of the masque at the Moretti Palace, this very night a year ago, when you seemed perplexed by some odd prophecy made you by a gipsey in the throng?"

Addressing a beautiful woman who hung fondly on his arm, he asked, "What was the prophecy of the gipsey a year ago this night, Rosalie?"

Blushing deeply, yet with a glance of tenderest love, she spoke in a tone musically sweet, "O, never refer to it, dear Antonio. I was very wretched and very wicked then, when I vented it by cautioning you that the ways of love and politics were intricate, the steps of the Zavali slippery, and the Lagoon deep." Lady Villiers little knew how nearly had been realized the gipsey's prophecy of the masquerade.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Terms of the Flag of our Union, $2,00 per annum, invariably in advance, being discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on last page.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Hannah, Plainville, Conn.—Tennyson was born in the year 1810.

Wimper.—We have no means of obtaining the information you desire.

A. M. J.—"Jacob Faithful" and "Peter Simple" were originally written for some London magazine, but most of Marryatt's novels were first published in book form.

Invalid.—If you wish to go to a very quiet as well as romantic place by the seaside, we advise you to go to Rockport, Cape Ann. The scenery is delightful and varied, and the air pure and bracing.

Contractor.—It is stated that a cubic yard of dessicated vegetables, as prepared by a certain house in Paris, will make a palatable and nutritious soup for 25,000 men.

Moreley.—The tribunal of State Inquisitors at Venice was established in 1501.

S. S. R., Rowley.—*Cognovit actionem* is a law maxim—he has acknowledged the action. This in law is where a defendant confesses the plaintiff's cause of action against him to be just and true; and after issue, suffers judgment to be entered against him without trial. *Capias ad satisfaciendum* (you take to satisfy) is a writ of execution after judgment, empowering the officer to take and detain the body of the defendant until satisfaction is made to the plaintiff.

Pictor.—Rubens died at Antwerp, May 30, 1640, at seventy-three years of age. His masterpiece is generally considered to be the Descent from the Cross, and is in the Cathedral of Antwerp, but very much injured by time. A fine print of it by Lucas Vosterman is extant, however. Rubens's coloring was brilliant but meretricious. A distinguished American artist used to call him a "splendid liar."

R. M.—The camel experiment in this country has so far proved successful. We believe that camels were introduced into Tuscany about the middle of the seventeenth century. It is the one-humped camel of Arabia which is usually, but erroneously, called the dromedary.

Hunter, Shasta, California.—There is a sculptured Egyptian bas-relief which proves that the Egyptians were acquainted with the use of the lasso. The raccoon is not found in the old world.

Engraver.—The average value of the large cameos made in Paris, is about $1 20 each, giving a total value of $160 000, while the value of the small ones is about $40,000.

M. M.—The low pressure engine used by Fulton was procured from England, so Professor Henry says.

Housewife.—Coffee, slightly roasted, contains the maximum of aroma, weight and nutrition.

Sergeant S.—A zinc edging to a scabbard would prevent the rusting of the sword. You can mention to Col. M. that we have tried it.

Emily C. C., Concord, N. H.—The "Household Edition" of the Waverley novels now publishing by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of this city, is the very best ever issued. It is sent free of postage to subscribers. We advise you to write to them at once.

L. C.—With the exception of the flying-fish and dolphin, and perhaps a very few others, fish are not found on the high seas at a great distance from land.

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

Every day, in the life of an observant man, affords striking proof of the verity of the now threadbare axiom, "Truth is stranger then Fiction," so that it seems almost of the province of Romance to soften down, rather than exaggerate, the bold features of the Actual. When Scott appended his last explanatory notes to the Waverley novels, the public found that he had a warrant for some of the wildest scenes and characters of his most popular narratives. And now Mrs. Gaskell, in her Life of Charlotte Bronte, the authoress of "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," and "Vilette," a biography which is as deeply interesting as either of the above novels, has furnished a key to the mysteries of their composition. Most of our readers remember how, about a dozen years ago, the world was electrified by the appearance of the novel first named, enchanted by the singular imagination it displayed, and awed by its extraordinary intellectual power. It was attributed to various great and practised authors of the age. Two other novels, "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall," and "Wuthering Heights," excited and impressed the public. They were given to the world as the productions of Currer, Elsie and Acton Bell, but were supposed to have been written by the same person. At last it came out that they were written by three sisters of the name of Bronte, the daughters of a country clergyman, and that they resided in the wolds of Yorkshire, without friends and without society. If this somewhat lessened the marvel of their production, for solitude is favorable to mental and imaginative development, it seemed to account for the strange, wild and unnatural character of some of the personages in the novels, which were all credited to freaks of the imagination. Mrs. Gaskell has, however, revealed the fact that in their own characters, and in the people and scenes around the sisters, were the germs of the powerful and mysterious personages of the novels. The father was an eccentric, strong-minded and strong-willed man, not at all amiable, who was settled as rector in Haworth, Yorkshire. Here are some of the illustrative anecdotes which Mrs. Gaskell relates of him:

"Mr. Bronte wished to make his children hardy, and indifferent to the pleasures of eating and dress. In the latter he succeeded, as far as regarded his daughters; but he went at his object with unsparing earnestness of purpose. Mrs. Bronte's nurse told me that one day when the children had been out on the moors, and rain had come on, she thought their feet would be wet, and accordingly she rummaged out some colored boots which had been given to them by a friend. These little pairs she ranged around the kitchen fire to warm; but, when the children came back, the boots were nowhere to be found—only a very strong odor of burnt leather was perceived. Mr. Bronte had come in and seen them; they were too gay and luxurious for his children, and would foster a love of dress; so he had them put into the fire. He spared nothing that offended his antique simplicity. Long before this, some one had given Mrs. Bronte a silk gown; either the make, the color, or the material, was not according to his notions of consistent propriety, and Mrs. Bronte, in consequence, never wore it. But, for all that, she kept it treasured up in her drawers, which were generally locked. One day, however, while in the kitchen, she remembered that she had left the key in her drawer, and, hearing Mr. Bronte up stairs, she augured some ill to her dress, and, running up in haste, she found it cut into shreds.

"His strong, passionate, Irish nature was, in general, compressed down with resolute stoicism; but it was there, notwithstanding all his philosophic calm and dignity of demeanor. He did not speak when he was annoyed or displeased, but worked off his volcanic wrath by firing pistols out of the back door in rapid succession. Mrs. Bronte, lying in bed up stairs, would hear the quick explosions, and know that something had gone wrong; but her sweet nature thought invariably of the bright side, and she would say, 'Ought I not to be thankful that he never gave me an angry word?' Now and then his anger took a different form, but he was still speechless. Once he got the hearth-rug, and stuffing it up the grate, deliberately set it on fire, and remained in the room, in spite of the stench, until it had smouldered and shrivelled away into uselessness. Another time he took some chairs and sawed away at the backs till they were reduced to the condition of stools."

The wife died, an elder sister came to take charge of the household, and, after a few years checkered by the brilliant literary successes of three of the sisters, they all died one by one. The only brother who was believed to be more brilliantly gifted than Charlotte Bronte, died the victim of his own ungovernable passions. Charlotte, a true heroine, whose ministry ran through the dark life of this family like a silver thread, enjoyed a gleam of sunshine near its close, passing a few Elysian months of married happiness, and then she died, leaving a gap in the literary ranks of England which will not soon be filled.

But let us see among what sort of people the lot of the Brontes was cast. We believe that, until the publication of Mrs. Gaskell's book, nine-tenths of the cultivated people of England were not aware what brutish communities existed in their midst.

On the death of one of the predecessors of Mr. Bronte in the curacy of Haworth, a man whom the parishioners had liked, another was appointed without consulting them, and met with the following reception:

"The first Sunday he officiated, Haworth church was filled even to the aisles—most of the people wearing the wooden clogs of the district. But while Mr. Redhead was reading the second lesson, the whole congregation, as by one impulse, began to leave the church, making all the noise they could with clattering and clumping of clogs, till, at length, Mr. Redhead and the clerk were the only two left to continue the service. This was bad enough, but the next Sunday the proceedings were far worse. Then, as before, the church was well filled, but the aisles were left clear; not a creature, not an obstacle was in the way that day. The reason for this was made evident about the same time in the reading of the service as the disturbance had begun the previous week. A man rode into the church upon an ass, with his face turned towards the tail, and as many old hats piled on his head as he could possibly carry. He began urging his beast round the aisles, and the screams and cries and laughter of the congregation entirely drowned all sound of Mr. Redhead's voice; and I believe he was obliged to desist.

"Hitherto they had not proceeded to anything like personal violence; but on the third Sunday they must have been greatly irritated at seeing Mr. Redhead, determined to brave their will, ride up the village street, accompanied by several gentlemen from Bradford. They put up their horses at the Black Bull—the little inn close upon the churchyard, for the convenience of arvills as well as for other purposes—and went into church. On this the people followed, with a chimney-sweeper, whom they had employed to clean the chimneys of some outbuildings belonging to the church, that very morning, and afterwards plied with drink till he was in a state of solemn intoxication. They placed him right before the reading-desk, where his blackened face nodded a drunken, stupid assent to all that Mr. Redhead said. At last, either prompted by some mischief-maker, or from some tipsy impulse, he clambered up the pulpit stairs and attempted to embrace Mr. Redhead. Then the profane fun grew fast and furious. They pushed the soot-covered chimney-sweeper against Mr. Redhead, as he tried to escape. They threw both him and his tormentor down on the ground in the churchyard where the soot-bag had been emptied, and though, at last, Mr. Redhead escaped into the Black Bull, the doors of which were immediately barred, the people raged without, threatening to stone him and his friends. One of my informants is an old man, who was the landlord of the Black Bull at the time, and he stands to it that such was the temper of the irritated mob, that Mr. Redhead was in real danger of his life."

The squirearchy appears to have been no better than the commonalty. A squire, of distinguished family and large property—one is thence led to imagine of education, but that does not always follow—died at his house, not many miles from Haworth, only a few years ago. His great amusement and occupation had been cock-fighting. When he was confined to his chamber with what he knew would be his last illness, he had his cocks brought up there, and watched the bloody battle from his bed. As his mortal disease increased, and it became impossible for him to turn so as to follow the combat, he had looking-glasses arranged in such a manner around and above him, as he lay, that he could still see the cocks fighting. And in this manner he died.

It was from such surroundings that the Misses Bronte derived the material for a portion of their fiction, and we must not accuse even the authoress of "Wuthering Heights" for vilifying human nature, for she did but reflect in her magic glass the black passions that had raged wrathfully before her very eyes.

Hard to Answer.—"Isn't the world older than it used to be?" said a young hopeful to his senior. "Yes, my son." "Then what do folks mean by old times."

Battle of Bunker Hill!—Be sure to get a copy of this week's "Pictorial," containing the mammoth original picture of this famous historical event. Everybody should frame it.

Irish Exiles.—The Irish exiles of 1848 are about to be permitted to return to their "dear native land."

HORACE VERNET.

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but worked off his volcanic wrath by firing pistols out of the back door in rapid succession. Mrs. Bronte, lying in bed up stairs, would hear the quick explosions, and know that something had gone wrong; but her sweet nature thought invariably of the bright side, and she would say, 'Ought I not to be thankful that he never gave me an angry word?' Now and then his anger took a different form, but he was still speechless. Once he got the hearth-rug, and stuffing it up the grate, deliberately set it on fire, and remained in the room, in spite of the stench, until it had smouldered and shrivelled away into uselessness. Another time he took some chairs and sawed away at the backs till they were reduced to the condition of stools."

The wife died, an elder sister came to take charge of the household, and, after a few years checkered by the brilliant literary successes of three of the sisters, they all died one by one. The only brother who was believed to be more brilliantly gifted than Charlotte Bronte, died the victim of his own ungovernable passions. Charlotte, a true heroine, whose ministry ran through the dark life of this family like a silver thread, enjoyed a gleam of sunshine near its close, passing a few Elysian months of married happiness, and then she died, leaving a gap in the literary ranks of England which will not soon be filled.

But let us see among what sort of people the lot of the Brontes was cast. We believe that, until the publication of Mrs. Gaskell's book, nine-tenths of the cultivated people of England were not aware what brutish communities existed in their midst.

On the death of one of the predecessors of Mr. Bronte in the curacy of Haworth, a man whom the parishioners had liked, another was appointed without consulting them, and met with the following reception:

"The first Sunday he officiated, Haworth church was filled even to the aisles—most of the people wearing the wooden clogs of the district. But while Mr. Redhead was reading the second lesson, the whole congregation, as by one impulse, began to leave the church, making all the noise they could with clattering and clumping of clogs, till, at length, Mr. Redhead and the clerk were the only two left to continue the service. This was bad enough, but the next Sunday the proceedings were far worse. Then, as before, the church was well filled, but the aisles were left clear; not a creature, not an obstacle was in the way that day. The reason for this was made evident about the same time in the reading of the service as the disturbance had begun the previous week. A man rode into the church upon an ass, with his face turned towards the tail, and as many old hats piled on his head as he could possibly carry. He began urging his beast round the aisles, and the screams and cries and laughter of the congregation entirely drowned all sound of Mr. Redhead's voice; and I believe he was obliged to desist.

"Hitherto they had not proceeded to anything like personal violence; but on the third Sunday they must have been greatly irritated at seeing Mr. Redhead, determined to brave their will, ride up the village street, accompanied by several gentlemen from Bradford. They put up their horses at the Black Bull—the little inn close upon the churchyard, for the convenience of arvills as well as for other purposes—and went into church. On this the people followed, with a chimney-sweeper, whom they had employed to clean the chimneys of some outbuildings belonging to the church, that very morning, and afterwards plied with drink till he was in a state of solemn intoxication. They placed him right before the reading-desk, where his blackened face nodded a drunken, stupid assent to all that Mr. Redhead said. At last, either prompted by some mischief-maker, or from some tipsy impulse, he clambered up the pulpit stairs and attempted to embrace Mr. Redhead. Then the profane fun grew fast and furious. They pushed the soot-covered chimney-sweeper against Mr. Redhead, as he tried to escape. They threw both him and his tormentor down on the ground in the churchyard where the soot-bag had been emptied, and though, at last, Mr. Redhead escaped into the Black Bull, the doors of which were immediately barred, the people raged without, threatening to stone him and his friends. One of my informants is an old man, who was the landlord of the Black Bull at the time, and he stands to it that such was the temper of the irritated mob, that Mr. Redhead was in real danger of his life."

The squirearchy appears to have been no better than the commonalty. A squire, of distinguished family and large property—one is thence led to imagine of education, but that does not always follow—died at his house, not many miles from Haworth, only a few years ago. His great amusement and occupation had been cock-fighting. When he was confined to his chamber with what he knew would be his last illness, he had his cocks brought up there, and watched the bloody battle from his bed. As his mortal disease increased, and it became impossible for him to turn so as to follow the combat, he had looking-glasses arranged in such a manner around and above him, as he lay, that he could still see the cocks fighting. And in this manner he died.

It was from such surroundings that the Misses Bronte derived the material for a portion of their fiction, and we must not accuse even the authoress of "Wuthering Heights" for vilifying human nature, for she did but reflect in her magic glass the black passions that had raged wrathfully before her very eyes.

Hard to Answer.—"Isn't the world older than it used to be?" said a young hopeful to his senior. "Yes, my son." "Then what do folks mean by old times."

Battle of Bunker Hill!—Be sure to get a copy of this week's "Pictorial," containing the mammoth original picture of this famous historical event. Everybody should frame it.

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NAVIGATION.

It is most interesting to trace the progress of navigation, and to see how science and experience have improved, not the construction of ships, but the speed of ocean travelling, until now the "white-winged messengers of commerce" almost rival those drawn by the wonderful power of the steam-engine. If we go back to the earliest records, we shall find that the largest ocean steamers, now plying on the Atlantic, bear precisely the proportions, in length, breadth, and depth, that are recorded concerning Noah's Ark. The dimensions of the Atlantic steamers are: Length, 322 feet; breadth of beam, 50 feet; depth, 28 1-2 feet. The dimensions of the ark were: Length, 300 cubits; breadth, 50 cubits; depth, 30 cubits. The ark, therefore, was nearly twice the size in length and breadth, of these vessels, the cubit being twenty-two inches; both had upper, lower, and middle stories. After all the equipments of forty-two centuries, which have elapsed since the Deluge, the shipbuilders have to return to the model afforded by Noah's Ark.

Lieutenant Maury has in his possession the log-book of a West India trader in 1746, which shows that her average rate of sailing per log, was about one mile the hour. The instruments of navigation then were rude; chronometers were unknown, and lunars were impracticable; it was no uncommon thing for vessels in those days, when crossing the Atlantic, to be out of their reckoning five, six, and even ten degrees, and when it was announced that a vessel might know, by consulting the water thermometer, when she crossed the eastern edge of the Gulf Stream, and again when she crossed the western edge, navigators likened the discovery to the drawing of blue and red streaks in the water, by which they might, when crossed, be able to know their longitude. The merchants of Providence, R. I, when Dr. Franklin was in London, sent a petition to the Lords of the Treasury, asking that the Falmouth (England) packets might run to Providence instead of Boston; for they maintained that, though Boston and Falmouth were between Providence and London, yet that, practically, they were much further apart, for they showed that the average passage of the London traders to Providence was fourteen days less than that of the packet line from Falmouth to Boston. Dr. Franklin, on being questioned as to this fact, consulted an old New England captain, who had been a whaler, and who informed the doctor that the London traders to Providence were commanded for the most part by New England fishermen, who knew how to avoid the Gulf Stream, while the Falmouth packets were commanded by Englishmen, who knew nothing about it. These two drew a chart, which was published at the Tower, and the Gulf Stream, as laid down by that Yankee whaler, has been preserved upon our charts until within a few years. The influence of the Gulf Stream thus becoming known through the influence of Dr. Franklin, and the discovery of the water thermometer, the course of trade formerly setting towards Charleston, S. C., was diverted to the Northern ports. This revolution commenced about 1795. It worked slowly at first, but in 1816-17 it received a fresh impulse from Jeremiah Thompson, Isaac Wright, and others, who conceived the idea of establishing a line of packets between New York and Liverpool. This was a period when the scales of commercial ascendency were vibrating between New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other places. The packet ships of Thompson turned the balance. Though only of 800 tons burden, and sailing but once a month, they had their regular day of departure, and the merchants of Philadelphia, Charleston, etc., found it convenient to avail themselves of this regular and stated channel for communicating with their agents in England, ordering goods, etc., and from that time the commerce of New York has gone on steadily increasing.

PERFUMES.

Frangipani Powder (spices, orris-root, and musk or civet) was invented by one of the earliest of the Roman nobles named Frangipani. The Egyptian ladies carried a little pouch of odoriferous gums, as the Chinese do now. The use of perfumes was common at a very early period among the Hebrews, as "sweet spices, stacte, onycha, and galbanum, with pure frankincense;" and the "bdellium," mentioned by Moses in Genesis, is a perfuming gum resembling frankincense. Galen, the celebrated physician of Pergamos, who lived about 1700 years ago, invented the *ceratum Galeni*, the cold cream of the present day. In southern Italy so great was the trade in perfumes, that the perfumers are said to have filled the great street of ancient Capua.

"Murder will out."—We trust that the large rewards offered by the New York Times, and by individuals of New York, will result in the detection of the murderer or murderers of Dr. Burdell. Yet, in spite of the adage we have quoted, the murders of Miss Rogers the cigar girl, of Corliss, and others, still remain among the unravelled mysteries of crime.

New York City.—Dexter & Brother, 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York, and Ross & Tousey, 121 Nassau Street, New York, are general agents for all our publications. Both these houses are conducted by prompt, responsible business men, being the largest periodical jobbers in the United States.

Hope so.—We hear that General Harney is going to take command of a large body of United States troops in Utah. We shall then see whether "Gentiles" can be murdered with impunity.

A Western Excuse.—The Cedar Valley (Iowa) Times recently said: "No paper next week, on account of plastering the room occupied by our office."

A Sorrow of Gentility.—Having plainly dressed people, with cottage bonnets and big umbrellas, shown into one's pew on Sunday.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

The Mormon strength may be reckoned at 200,000, and as many friendly auxiliary Indians.

An elm-tree in front of the Eagle tavern, New Haven, over 100 years old, lately fell with a crash.

Lucy Stone insisted that woman should vote and be voted for, in her recent lectures.

The Express interest in the United States is valued at ten millions of dollars.

Advertisers say business is like architecture—its best supporters are in columns.

A handsome church is soon to be erected in Newtonville for the Baptist society.

The tongue of slander impelled a beautiful girl of Newport, Me., to drown herself.

Buildings are now erecting in New York city which will cost, when completed, $6,000,000.

There are 50 insane asylums in North America, with 9500 patients as their inmates.

Dr. F. Dorsey, of Hagerstown, Md., lately lost a horse he had ridden in his practice for 37 years.

A circus-rider of St. Louis has been detected in kidnapping children to train them for the ring.

A set of diamonds has been presented to Mlle. Bourgeoise, of the French opera at New Orleans.

In the reign of Henry VIII. of England, 72,000 thieves and rogues were hanged.

Washington Irving, in "Salmagundi," says most Frenchmen, dead or alive, are born dancers.

Warmth, good food, plenty of sleep and joyous exercise, would save millions of children yearly.

Crowds of young French comedians are leaving Montreal and Lower Canada for California.

The highest price ever given for a horse was $32,000 paid for a racer in 1851.

Until the thirteenth century kings slept on straw—so that they fared no better than horses.

Hay was sold recently for $40 a ton—there being a dearth of fodder.

The canker worm has been committing extensive ravages in the orchards in this vicinity.

Lady Ashburton, who died recently in Paris, was married to Lord Ashburton in 1823.

In St. Johnsbury, Vt., lately, an owl was shot measuring six feet across the wings.

The crops in Europe bid fair to be abundant, though the spring in France was very cold.

The shad fisheries in the Hudson and Connecticut have yielded large quantities of fine fish.

WHO ARE ESQUIRES?

The present use of the distinction "Esquire" conveys not the remotest idea of its origin, or appropriation in past ages. The esquire originated in chivalric times, when the sons of gentlemen, from the age of seven years, were brought up in the castles of superior lords—which was an inestimable advantage to the poorer nobility, who could hardly otherwise have given their children the accomplishments of their station. From seven to fourteen, these boys were called pages, or varlets; at fourteen, they bore the name of esquire. They were instructed in the management of arms, in the art of horsemanship, in exercises of strength and activity, so as to fit them for the tournament and the battle, and the milder glories of chivalrous gallantry. Long after the decline of chivalry, the word esquire was only used in a limited sense for the sons of peers and knights, or such as obtained the title by creation or some other legal means. Blackstone defines esquires to be all who bear office or trust under the crown, and who are styled esquires by the king in their commissions and appointments; and being once honored by the king with the title of esquire, they have a right to that distinction for life. These distinctions are now almost totally disregarded, and all gentlemen are generally termed esquires both in correspondence and in deeds—except solicitors and attorneys, who, in course of business, are called gentlemen.

Our Illustrations.—Since we commenced to illustrate the admirable series of original novelettes which are regularly appearing in "The Flag of Our Union," the circulation of our paper has increased in all directions; particularly has this been the case in the great and growing West. These engravings are got up with great care and good taste, by the best artists in the country, especially for these columns.

Quaker Wedding.—The New York Express gives an account of a Quaker wedding in high life, which appears to have been a wide departure from the rigid simplicity with which the ceremonies of the Society of Friends are generally conducted. Six bridesmaids officiated, and not only white satin, but ermine, rose-colored trimmings, and hoops of the usual enormous size, made a part of the bridal attire.

The French Prince.—The infant prince has just taken an important step for himself—he has walked alone. A drill-sergeant, they say, was introduced into the nursery, to make him go off with his left foot first! He has been already enrolled as a grenadier of the Imperial Guard—poor little fellow!

Longevity.—The longest-lived creature is the swan. Swans have been known to live three hundred and sixty years. It is a fact—don't let us hear any incredulous Yankee say "I swan!" to it.

Appearances deceitful.—The editor of the Post says the guiltiest-looking man he ever saw, was one charged with stealing a horse which turned out to be his own property.

Good Advice.—A piece of golden advice is this: "If there is any person to whom you feel dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak." Let him severely alone.

Blue Stockings.—The "Lady with the Azure Legs," is the title of a farce successfully playing at the Palais Royal theatre in Paris.

Contentment.—We should not murmur at every cloud, for clouds are but specks in a universe of light.

Ould Ireland.—Over two millions of trees were planted in Ireland last year.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Jewelled Talisman." In this number we conclude this very interesting and taking story, by Mrs. Caroline Orne, illustrating life in the old time scenes of the Puritans and Cavaliers.

"The Summer Stream," verses by Ellen Alice Moriarty.

"The Suspicious Character: or, The Affray at the Inn," a story by William O. Eaton.

"An Answer," stanzas by Willie E. Pabor.

"Hopeful Bradshaw, or Writing a Story for Ballou," by Mary W. Janvrin.

"The Old Clock in the Corner," a poem by Amanda P. Walker.

"A Thought," lines by James Franklin Fitts.

"Gossip with the Reader."

ILLUSTRATIONS.

We give a characteristic local view of a well-known and busy mart of trade, the corner of Winter, Washington and Summer Streets, Boston

A grouping of life among the Asiatics and Africans, showing a Japanese Coopering Establishment, Japanese Musical Instruments, a Tanka Boat-Girl, portraits of the African Chief Soyola, with his wife, a Caffre Chief, a Fingo Woman, a Chinese Woman and Child, and a Chinese Barber-Boy at Hong Kong.

A large two-page picture of that opening prelude of our revolutionary struggle, the Battle of Bunker Hill, one of the most remarkable battles ever fought—the foundation stone of our national independence. Drawn by Hill, and engraved in Pierce's most effective style. This is a picture every way worthy of framing for preservation, as a vivid memento of our fathers' sacrifices for their country and posterity.

Portrait of Charles Swain, the people's poet, of England.

Delegation of Kaw Indians to Washington—a lifelike view of the native lords of the Western Forests.

Egyptian Life, picture of travelling in the Desert between Cairo and Sues, and a view of a Station in the Egyptian Desert.

⁂ The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

☞ One copy of the Flag, and one copy of the Pictorial, when taken together, for $4 00 per annum.

Foreign Items.

Prince Alfred of England, is about to assume his rank and authority as Duke of Coburg-Gotha.

Dickens is in Paris superintending the translation of his novels.

Sir Benjamin Brodie, the leading surgeon of England, enjoys the comfortable professional income of $85,000 a year.

The Novara, Austrian frigate, has started from Trieste for a voyage round the world. She carries a number of scientific men.

Lord Cowley has been created Viscount and Earl of Great Britain, by the title of Viscount Dangan in Meath, Ireland, and Earl Cowley.

A severe shock of earthquake was recently experienced at Palermo. It lasted six seconds, and stopped the astronomical clock at the observatory. There had been a hurricane on the preceding day.

At the great musical festival about to take place in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, there are to be 2500 performers, namely, a chorus of 2000, and 300 stringed instruments, with a due proportion of wind instruments.

A new river near to and below Calcutta is now being cleared out by an English company and will soon be opened to commerce. It is anticipated that a port will spring up there which will rival Calcutta.

The Chinese designate the foreign Hongs at Canton in a characteristic way. The Austrian, they style the Twin Eagle, the Danish, the Yellow, the East India Company's "ensurer of tranquillity," and the American, "extensive fountains."

A Grand Chaplaincy of France is to be created, which will be conferred on the young Prince Bonaparte, cousin of the Emperor, who is known as the Abbe Conins. He will first be made a Cardinal. His salary will be 150,000 francs, with a palace for residence.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Those who raise envy will easily incur censure.

The man wedded to money gets a shrew for a wife.

Fighting is the poorest way to settle a quarrel, because it does nothing to show which is in the right.

As some men gaze with admiration at the colors of a tulip or the wings of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces.

When a man passes a day without reflection, he may well exclaim at night, "I fear that I have done something wrong."

A wife full of truth, innocence and love, is the prettiest flower that a man can wear next his heart.

God sometimes calls us to stand still, when we are most anxious to proceed; this is mortifying, but we generally find it is to see his salvation.

The most amiable and benevolent use that we can make of our past follies, vices and miscarriages, is, by the experience thus acquired, to warn others against them.

If a seaman should turn back every time he encounters a head wind, he would never make a voyage. So he who permits himself to be baffled by adverse circumstances, will never make headway in the voyage of life.

We judge so superficially of things, that common words and actions, spoken and done in an agreeable manner, with some knowledge of what passes in the world, succeed often beyond the greatest ability.

Ladies who have attained the age of twenty-five, without having married a fool or a knave, a gambler or a drunkard, are generally called old maids; but they need not be ashamed of the appellation.

Joker's Budget.

Who is the strongest man? He that can lift his notes every day without borrowing.

"Do you enjoy good health?" "Yes," was the reply, "Who doesn't?"

Is the "three day's grace on business paper," in any way connected with the Three Graces?

Mrs. Partington not having heard of the Cove of Cork lately, thinks the poor gentleman must be ill.

Simpson says the ladies do not set their caps for the gentlemen any more; they spread their hoops.

What bird is that which it is absolutely necessary that we should have at our dinner, and yet need neither be cooked nor served up? A swallow.

An eminent medical man lately offered to a publisher *A Treatise on the Hand*, which the bookseller declined, saying, "My dear sir, we have too many treatises on our hands already."

Is the King of Japan a colored gentleman? Certainly. Who has not seen his escutcheon and title in the store windows, "*Warranted Japan Black king?*"

"What's the state of morals in your district?" said a long-faced reformer to a farmer, who recently visited town. "Pretty good," replied the farmer, "everybody seems disposed to mind their own business in our parts."

A boy one day found a light guinea, which he was obliged to sell for eighteen shillings. Next day he saw another guinea lying in the street. "No, no," says he, "I'll have nothing to do with you; I lost three shillings by your brother yesterday."

Quill and Scissors.

We think there are to be great crops of wheat in the United States this season. A practical farmer and a careful and accurate observer of the crops from year to year, says that he has recently passed over considerable portions of Floyd, Harrison and Washington counties, Indiana, and everywhere the growing wheat was in excellent condition.

The Peabody Institute of Baltimore, founded by the munificence of Mr. George Peabody, has been located in Mount Vernon Square. The cost of the lot was about $100,000, Mr. Peabody giving $5000 in order that this eligible situation might be obtained without encroaching too much upon the original bequest of $300,000.

A very singular disease, of a contagious nature, called the "black hoof," is stated to be prevalent among cattle in the neighborhood of London, C. W. The Herald says the disease first appears in the legs, causing a swelling, then an immediate and total rot of the hoof and legs.

At an exhibition of Van Amburgh's Menagerie at Hagerstown, Indiana, on the 9th ult., a lion became enraged and attacked a leopard, tearing him to pieces in an instant. The audience looked on admiringly, thinking it a part of the performance.

A late census of London shows 149,120 more females than males, 65,481 unmarried ladies in excess of unmarried men; 110,076 widows to 37,080 widowers; and 10,933 "grass widows," as is seen by the fact of there being that number of married women more than of married men.

A correspondent of the Christian Enquirer, writing from Vienna, says that Jenny Lind will settle down permanently in six months, either in England or the United States. Probably the former country, but at any rate she will again come to America to sing.

Mr. Benjamin G. Dey, of Currituck county, N. C., while plowing in his field a few days ago, dug up a pile of old Spanish gold and silver coin to the amount of $60,000. It is supposed to have been buried during the revolution.

The recent decease of three prominent merchant bankers of New York—Samuel Nicholson, John F. A. Sanford and Jasper Grosvenor—will distribute, it is estimated, about $3,000,000 to their respective heirs.

The sugar crop of Vermont this year is estimated by the Montpelier Watchman at over 8300 tuns, which is nearly half of the maple crop of the nation, as returned in 1850, one eighteenth of the sugar crop of the United States.

Rev. Mr. McClatchy, a clergyman of twenty-seven years' standing, who not long since was arrested at London, Ca., for forgery, a short time after committed suicide by hanging himself in his cell.

One of the street railroads of New York has in use some cars with an upper or "hurricane" deck. A light iron ladder affords the means for reaching it, and on the deck are two rows of seats placed back to back.

The Legislature of Ohio has made an important change in the election law. Thirty days' residence in the county, and twenty days in the township or ward, are now required to constitute a legal voter.

The distance between Savannah, Ga., and Memphis, Tenn., by the newly completed railroad, is 750 miles. Passengers are carried the whole distance, without change of cars, in fifty-two hours.

George Simonson of Hempstead, L. I., died recently from the effects of a stone which had been thrown at a dog by a boy, and glancing, hit him on the head, causing congestion of the brain.

Died in the parish of St. David, C. E., Joseph Letendre, aged 100 years. He was born on the 4th of April, 1757, and was buried on the same day, at the same hour, in 1857.

The War Department has ordered from Paris 150,000 rations of concentrated food. It is for making soup, and has been adopted by the English, French, and Sardinian armies.

John Hyde, Jr., formerly a Mormon elder, is lecturing at San Francisco, upon the enormities of the religion of Joe Smith and Brigham Young.

A tea kettle or coffee pot kept bright retains the heat much longer than one that is dull, and therefore makes better beverage.

The jail of Jackson county, N. C., is without a prisoner, and the second story has been rented by a daguerreotypist.

The people of Augusta, Me., have raised about $12,000 to secure the appointment of the next State Fair in that city.

The last legislature of New York passed a law making fifty-eight pounds the legal weight of a bushel of grain in that State.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Stockbridge, Mr. Roscoe G. Davis to Miss Abbie M. Brown.

By Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Joseph L. B. Homer to Miss Susan Miller.

By Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Charles C. Potter to Miss Betsey D. Glines.

By Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Daniel F. Wood to Miss Lucy Chamberlain.

By Rev. Mr. Winslow, Rev. Myron Winslow, of Madras, to Miss Ellen Augusta Reed.

By Rev. Mr. Eddy, Mr. T. C. Richardson, of Sudbury, to Miss Melissa L. Hanson, of Lowell.

At Melrose, by Rev. Mr. Sessions, Mr. J. W. Hartshorn to Miss H. Maria Arrington, both of South Reading.

At Milton, by Rev. Mr. Teele, Mr. Nedabiah Lincoln, of Dedham, to Miss Rebecca G. Merrill.

At Dedham, by Rev. Dr. Lamson, Mr. Henry Cormerais to Miss Mary O. Sampson.

At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Leeds, Mr. John H. Wentworth, of Boston, to Miss Eliza E. Fifield.

At Danversport, by Rev. Mr. Chaffin, Mr. W. S. Williams to Miss Eliza R. Crowell.

At Essex, by Rev. Mr. Bacon, Mr. Obed Burnham 2d, to Miss Sarah Burnham.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Barnaby, Mr. Richard P. Soule to Miss Mary A. Lowell.

At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. James, Mr. James H. Freeland to Miss Henrietta M. Clifford.

At Lancaster, by Rev. Mr. Bartol, Mr. Nelson S. True to Miss Maria Louisa Lyman.

At Provincetown, by Rev. Mr. Myrick, Mr. James N. Hopkins to Miss Eliza C Smith.

Deaths.

In this city, Widow Sally Gedney Howe, 82; Miss Harriet Welsh, 75; Mr. Henry S. McKean, 47; Miss Nett E. Whitcomb, of Stockbridge, Vt., 23; Mr. William Carter, 25; Mr. Waldo W. Thomas, 41; Mr. Thomas Lynn, 50; Widow Mary G. Taylor, 54.

At Charlestown, Mrs. Christina Smith, 50.

At Roxbury, Mr. Joshua Sampson, 75; Mrs. Mary M. Woodsum.

At Jamaica Plain, Miss Charlotte Williams, 35.

At Cambridge, Mrs. Rowena H. Thurston, 50.

At Waltham, Mr. Prentiss Child, 82

At Brookline, Mrs. Mary Goodnough, 66.

At Woburn, Capt. John Edgell, 78

At Salem, Mr. William H. Moody, 75.

At Hingham, James Stephenson, Esq., 84; Mr. John Burr, 66

At Groton, Mr. Jacob Pollard, 69

At Newburyport, Capt. Philip Johnson, 62; Widow Sarah Coffin, 75; Horace Bickford, Esq., 50.

At Haverhill, Mr. Nathan Bailey, 86; Mrs. Sarah Piper, 75.

At Newbury, Miss Sarah Little, 27.

At Greenfield, Mrs. Hannah S. Tuckerman, 30; Mrs. Anne Elizabeth Greenell, 36.

At Taunton, Mrs. Frances L. Reed, 27.

At Worcester, Miss Pamelia C. Dodge, 22; Mrs. Lydia Jaquith, 27.

At Lancaster, Mrs. Betsey White, 77.

At Peru, Mr. Jacob Shaw, 88.

At New Bedford, Mrs. Annie Tripp, 76.

At Barnstable, Mr. Robinson Hinckley, 82.

At Attleboro', Widow Tryphena Everett Balcomb, 92.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

EVENING IN THE COUNTRY.

BY AMANDA P. WALKER.

Holy breathes the voice of even,
On the mellow-tinted air,
And a harp of love seems given
To night's serenader there;
Soft, as though an angel bending
From the Eden land above,
With the songs of earth are blending
Notes of heaven's holy love.

Softly winds the crystal river
On to meet the murmuring sea,
Singing, as it floweth ever,
Nature's anthem glad and free;
Darkly bends the forest olden
O'er the river as it flows,
While a flood of moonlight golden
Round each waving shadow glows.

Countless stars are softly beaming
In the dome of blue above,
And their gentle, liquid gleaming
Whispers holy songs of love,
And my heart responsive quivers
To the music of the strain,
Echoed from the dreamy river,
Winding slowly through the plain.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE PHANTOM OF THE SEA:

—OR, THE—

RED CROSS AND THE CRESCENT.

A Story of Boston Bay and the Mediterranean.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XIX.

AN UNLOOKED-FOR EVENT.

SEVERAL months had passed away since the incidents recorded in the last chapter, which, it must be borne in mind, occurred long before the date of the court martial on board of the Asia. The Gordons had written home more than once, but their letters had been sent to Boston, England, and consequently no tidings of their fate had reached the family. The Phantom of the Sea had, in the interim, made many short voyages, and whenever she was in port, the Burkes had sought to renew their intimacy with the Bligh family, and latterly, had flattered themselves that they were beginning to regain that confidence which they had forfeited at the commencement of our story. They hoped that time would obliterate the memory of the Gordons, Captain Burke, in especial, having no faith in woman's constancy, and an overweening confidence in his own gifts of personal attraction.

Matters stood on this footing, when, one day, a stranger, a handsome young man, with a fine person, and clad from head to foot in deep mourning, presented himself at the Maintop. On asking for the gentleman of the house, he was ushered into the presence of Captain Gordon and his wife. The moment the latter cast her eyes upon the stranger, she became strangely agitated; there was something in his features and bearing which struck a chord of memory, and awakened many recollections of mingled joy and sorrow. Yet there was nothing definite in the ideas he awakened—a vagueness that defied her efforts at analysis, confused and embarrassed her. On his part, the stranger also appeared uneasy.

"I owe you an apology, captain," said he, "for presenting myself without an introduction, but I have just arrived in port, and was in such haste to communicate with you, that I could not seek the friendly offices of a mutual acquaintance."

Captain Gordon begged him not to apologize.

"I am the captain of the barque Fairy, of New York," said the stranger, after he had been invited to sit down; "and I have sought you to relate a singular adventure of mine, some portions of which may interest you."

The agitation of Mrs. Gordon increased at this mysterious prelude.

"Some months since," pursued the stranger, "on my voyage from New York to Bremen, I came near losing my vessel in a severe storm. Fortunately, however, the damage done was confined to the loss of our foretopmast. The next day, in the forenoon, when the blow abated and we were busy in repairing damages, we perceived an object floating in the water, and by the glass, I made it out to be a man."

Both Captain Gordon and his wife now listened with painful intentness. A vague hope that the stranger might have been instrumental in rescuing one of their sons from a watery grave, sprang up in their minds.

"I immediately lowered a boat," continued the stranger, "and we pulled for the floating object. It proved indeed to be a mariner who was drifting, nearly exhausted, clinging to a harness cask to which he had attached himself. We took him into the boat and carried him on board the barque, where the usual restoratives were applied to him."

"His name!" cried the captain; "his name!"

"I am coming to that shortly," said the stranger, with much emotion. "For a long time, it appeared as if all our efforts to restore the drowning man would be unsuccessful; it was a long, long while, before he gave any signs of consciousness. At last, I had the happiness of seeing him open his eyes. I had him carried to my state-room, and in the course of a few moments, he was able to speak and to tell me who he was."

"And who, in Heaven's name, was he?" inquired Mrs. Gordon.

"Mark Redland, the mate of the Phantom of the Sea!"

"Mark Redland alive!" cried the captain and Mrs. Gordon in a breath.

"Alive then—but now no more," said the stranger, lowering his eyes. "In spite of all my care, the next day he expired. With my own hands, I performed the last offices of the dead; I read the burial service over his remains, and committed him, not without prayers and tears, to the keeping of the great deep. A plunge in the blue water—a few air-bells breaking on the surface—and it was all over."

"Dead—dead at last!" said Mrs. Gordon, awe-struck. "God have mercy on his soul!"

"Amen!" said Captain Gordon, reverently.

"And he sent no message—made no revelation—died obdurate—unrepentant?" asked the lady.

"Pardon me," said the stranger, much agitated, "if such had been the case, I should not be attired in a garb of mourning."

He paused, as if to collect his energies, and then went on.

"He died repentant; on the brink of the grave, all his sins—and alas! they were many—stood round him like so many spectres, and admonished him to speak the truth."

"And he told you—"

"That his true name was Louis Mayfare. He told me how, years ago, he had wooed and wedded a guileless young girl—how he had ill-treated and deserted her—how a career of dissipation had maddened and demonized him—how, not contented with abandoning his poor young wife, he had sought to add to her misery—how his heart had hardened even towards his innocent child—how he sent an accomplice to steal away that child from its mother's arms."

"And what became of that child?" said Mrs. Gordon.

"That boy the accomplice, after marking on his arm the initials of his name—it was the same as his father's, L. M., with an anchor—placed in the hands of a Jew broker, in Chatham Street, by whom he was worked hard and ill-fed. As the boy grew up, his high spirit rebelled against the treatment he experienced, and he ran away and got employment as a cabin-boy on board a foreign-bound vessel. He liked the sea, which was kinder to him than the land, and he soon mastered the details of seamanship. Of his early life, he remembered little or nothing. Sometimes a vision of a kind, fair face bending over him, with fond smiles and kisses, would visit him; but it was as shadowy as the image of a dream. Not to prolong my tale, the boy grew into a man, and advanced step by step in his profession, until at last he became captain of a fine vessel, enjoying the full confidence of his employers, and with a bright worldly prospect before him."

"And where and what is he now?" inquired Mrs. Gordon, the tears streaming from her eyes. "Is he alive?"

"He is alive and well—the commander of the barque Fairy—and he stands before you!"

With a wild scream of agonized delight, Mrs. Gordon opened her arms, and the young sailor was folded to her heart. Long—long she held him in that fond embrace. She parted his dark, clustering hair—she kissed his forehead, his cheeks, his lips—as if he were still the child that she had remembered with such poignant agony. At last she released him, for her husband was waiting to grasp his hand.

"God has removed your father," said the captain, "but by his blessing, I will be a father to you. Your mother and I are childless—your two brothers, whom you never saw, have lately been removed from us."

"O, if Rupert and Paul were but alive!" said the poor mother. "But God's will be done. He hath given and he hath taken away."

Louis Mayfare, for we must give him the name that belongs to him of right, made a sign to the captain, and they walked out into the garden together. When they were alone, the young man said:

"You spoke of two sons."

"Ay—two noble fellows! They would have been so proud of you!"

"And they are no more?"

"Their boat was found floating in the lower harbor—they were drowned."

"I wish to raise no hopes, sir," said Captain Mayfare. "But whatever became of them, that was not their fate."

"Not their fate! Are they living? Have you heard aught of them?"

"I have."

"O, do not keep me in suspense!"

"I did not tell you all that my unfortunate father revealed to me; but at the time he was swept overboard, they were on board the Phantom of the Sea."

"On board the Phantom of the Sea!"

"Yes—decoyed on board by Captain Burke, and kept in confinement in the run. But I suppose the Phantom foundered in the storm."

"Not so; she completed her voyage and returned to port. She has been here lately—and Captain Burke dared to sympathize with me in my sorrows."

"The villain! Can he have murdered them?"

"I believe him now capable of anything."

"Had he a motive?"

"Yes, jealousy—the most powerful of passions. O, that I had known this sooner!"

"We may yet bring this kidnapper to justice," said Captain Mayfare. "My father's story I committed to writing, and he was able to sign the deposition, which was properly witnessed."

"And you have the document?"

"I have the document."

"That is well. The Phantom of the Sea will soon be in port again."

"And what do you propose doing?"

"I must think—I must consult my friends; in especial, Mr. Bligh, the father of the two young ladies to whom my boys were engaged. Justice shall be done to the murderer."

"But perhaps, sir—perhaps he has not dared to consummate his crime?"

"That would be hoping against hope. His first step was next to murder."

"That I admit."

"But as you say, he may have stopped short of taking their lives—may have landed them on some desolate coast!"

"That is possible."

"Well—no time is to be lost. Have you the deposition with you?"

"Here it is," said Captain Mayfare, handing him a paper.

"That is well. Now go in and see your poor mother. You have a life-story to tell her. You did well, in not telling her the full revelation made to you."

"And you, sir?"

"I must go to the city. Tell your mother that I shall not return to dinner."

The young sailor bowed and entered the house.

In ten minutes, Captain Gordon's horse and chaise were ready, and in half an hour he stood in Mr. Bligh's private counting-room.

"What has happened?" asked Mr. Bligh.

"Happened? News of my boys. They were not drowned. Captain Burke is a villain, and he shall be brought to justice."

"You are beside yourself."

"Would that I was! But I cannot speak. Read! read! and convince yourself."

With this, he flung the paper which he had received from Louis Mayfare on the merchant's desk.

When Mr. Bligh had read the document, he held up his hands in astonishment.

"How mysterious are the ways of Providence!" he said; "how certainly is crime brought to light!"

CHAPTER XX.

RETRIBUTION AND COMPENSATION.

WE must now pass over a considerable space of time, during which, among other incidents of importance, the Phantom of the Sea returned to port, discharged her inward cargo, and loaded again for another voyage. She had obtained her clearance papers at the custom house, had her crew on board, and was only waiting for a wind to sail, when Captain Burke received an invitation from Mr. Bligh for himself and brother to spend an evening at his house.

"My girls," said the merchant, "are getting up a sort of a masquerade pantomime, a set of *tableaux vivants*—I'm not exactly in the secret—which is to come off in about a fortnight. We should have invited you to take a part in the play, could we have timed matters; but you will be afloat before then, and so they have got up a sort of dress rehearsal to give you an idea of the affair. Come without fail."

Captain Burke argued favorably of this pressing invitation, and telling his mate where he was going to spend the evening, dressed himself very scrupulously, and accompanied by his brother, presented himself at Mr. Bligh's at the hour designated in the note. They were received very cordially by the merchant, who apologized for the engagement of his daughters, busied, he said, with their trumpery, and ushered into the drawing-room, where they found Captain and Mrs. Gordon, and Captain Mayfare. After the customary compliments were exchanged, the little party took seats a short distance before a silk curtain which hung down in the space occupied by the folding doors, which were thrown back.

To the sound of low music, this curtain was then raised, and disclosed a mimic stage arrayed and decorated like that of a theatre. The wings were formed of palm and olive-trees beautifully painted, and the "flat" represented an oriental landscape, with the misty stars twinkling in a dim heaven. Two figures muffled in boat-cloaks, and attended by a third in Turkish costume, now came upon the stage, and stood with their backs to the spectators. Presently, to a strain of wild and mournful music, marched on a file of Turkish soldiers, preceded by a fierce-looking fellow wielding a huge scimetar. In the centre of the column walked several persons who appeared to be prisoners, three of them in the dress of American sailors, but their features were concealed by masks.

"This, gentlemen," whispered Mr. Bligh to the Burkes, "is meant to represent a Turkish execution. My daughters have never seen one, but they have read about it. Perhaps you have witnessed one, Captain Burke."

"I have," replied the captain, firmly. "And this one seems to be well got up."

"I am glad you like it," said Mr. Bligh. "But look. The executioner is proceeding to his work. You will see his sword descend upon the victims. But here we must tax your imagination. You must suppose them beheaded. See! they fall!"

The scimetar of the executioner flashed in the air, and one by one the prisoners fell. The curtain then descended.

"We do not show you the whole of the entertainment, Captain Burke," said Mr. Bligh; "it would occupy too much space. But my girls have worked up quite a romantic narrative, I assure you. You saw those muffled figures in front, and noticed those American sailors among the Turkish prisoners?"

"I did," said Captain Burke; his brother was too much agitated to speak.

"Well, sir," pursued the merchant, "the idea is this, as near as I can understand it. Two of those American tars are rivals in love of the two muffled men you saw in front, who, to get rid of them, have betrayed them, their own countrymen, into the hands of the Turks—a monstrous improbability, but my girls insisted they must be allowed the margin of a poetical license."

"The tale is rather improbable," said the captain.

"But that is nothing to what follows," continued Mr. Bligh. "The sequel, as I told the girls, is sheer midsummer madness. Why, sir, they have arranged it that the two prisoners and their companion should escape death, so that their persecutors may be foiled!"

"How so?" asked Captain Burke, in alarm.

"Why, they make a Greek renegade, who has charge of them, take pity on them. Think of that!—a Greek renegade more merciful than one of their own countrymen, whose life, by the way, my girls represent the young sailors to have twice saved!"

The captain made no reply, but in silent agony awaited what would follow.

"Well, sir, to go on with my story," said Mr. Bligh, "this most improbable, or rather impossible renegade, makes the young sailors change clothes with some Turkish criminals, and the Turks are executed in their place. Certainly, Mary and Susan would never succeed in public as dramatists. Well, the execution ended, he again supplies the three comrades with sailors' dresses, and they ship on board Codrington's flag-ship, the Asia—ha! ha!—fight in the battle of Navarino, are commended on the quarter-deck for their gallantry, tell their story, interest the admiral, are furnished with funds and sent home to Boston, and—but look! the curtain goes up once more!"

With eyes starting from their sockets, the guilty captain and his brother gazed on the ascending drapery. The decorations of the stage had been cleared away, and the drawing-room appeared in its natural character. There stood Susan and Mary Bligh, and beside them—could the Burkes believe their eyes?—Rupert and Paul Gordon, alive, well and happy.

Rupert advanced toward Captain Burke, who started to his feet in terror.

"Back! back!" said the captain. "This cannot be reality—the whole scene is delusion!"

"Villain!" said Captain Gordon; "it is reality—as you shall find out to your cost!"

"The tale which has just been poured into your unwilling ears," said Rupert, "a tale almost too monstrous for dramatic purposes, is, as you know, true to the letter. You decoyed me and my brother on board the Phantom of the Sea."

Captain Burke was speechless.

"You kept us close prisoners below the deck, till you needed our help to battle with the storm. When we had saved your brig, you remanded us to our disgraceful bondage."

"Spare me!" said the captain.

"No! you were pitiless to us. You gave us into the hands of the Turks."

"You have no proof of your charges," cried the captain, his iron resolution mustering to his aid.

"False!" cried Louis Mayfare. "An unfortunate man, privy to your designs—your chief mate, has denounced you."

"Ha, ha! he perished in the storm which came near being fatal to the brig."

"He was received on board my bark," continued Captain Mayfare, "and I have his dying declaration to confront you with."

"But you have no living witness!"

"Here, massa!" said a deep voice. And Seadrift stood forth before the company.

"You here!" cried the captain, recoiling.

"Iss, massa—ole Seadrift—once you slave—you dog—true to you as de needle to de pole-star. But you planned a foul deed—and it broke my bonds. Den you sought ole Seadrift's life. But dere was one aloft who saw you brack heart and spiled you brack designs."

"Foiled at every point!"

"Ay, foiled at every point, you villain!" said Captain Gordon. "And I shall live to see you hanged as high as heaven!"

Captain Burke glared around the circle, like a tiger at bay. Seizing his half-fainting brother, he dragged him towards the door and said, sternly:

"Well, I am guilty of all you charge me with, I acknowledge. And had not cards tricked me, and the fiend cogged the dice, I should have won the stake I played for—a fortune and a wife. May my curses light upon you all, but heaviest on those beardless boys and giggling girls, whose happiness is based upon my downfall!"

"This is too much!" said Rupert, striding forward, angrily.

"Back, boy!" said the captain. "Do not push me too far. I am armed, and, by the God above us, the first who lays a finger on me, lies weltering in his blood! Come, brother! we have been a sport to these idiots long enough. Come! the brig waits like a war-horse chafing for its rider. It is a wild night—but I know how to rule the storm. Henceforth the blue water is our home, and the Phantom shall own no flag but mine!"

With these words, defiant to the last, he passed out of the door, dragging his almost insensible brother along with him.

It was a wild and stormy night. As the captain reached his vessel, he mustered his men aft and thus addressed them:

"Is there one here," he said, "who fears the storm when I am on board the Phantom of the Sea?"

A cheer responded to the question.

"Is there one here who fears to put to sea with me to-night? If any, I discharge him, and he is welcome to his advance wages."

No one offered to stir.

"Then hey for blue water, my lads!" cried the captain, wildly. "The brig and cargo are my own. I'll be my own pilot, and carry her out to sea safely. I'll make all your fortunes, if you stand by me!"

Wild and desperate as the adventure, a fierce, reckless spirit, like that which possessed the captain, seemed to seize upon the crew. In a few minutes, she was under weigh—what canvass she spread lighted up by flashes of lightning, as she went careering down the bay. She was last seen under a fearful press of canvass, running to seaward like the Flying Dutchman.

The Phantom of the Sea never entered port again. What befell her, no mortal eye beheld—no mortal lips can tell. In what dark cavern of the ocean lie bleaching the bones of the two brothers and the hapless crew, will never be known till the dread trumpet sounds which shall summon the sea to give up its dead.

In a few days after the eventful evening whose incidents we have just sketched, the Gordons were happily united to the daughters of Mr. Bligh, and immediately sailed for a European tour. They reached Liverpool, after a quick passage, and went immediately to London, where, upon paying their respects to Sir Edward Codrington, they met with a warm reception, and during their stay in the metropolis, received many marks of attention from agreeable and distinguished people, to whom the admiral had made known the eventful story. Passing over to the continent, they travelled a few months in France, Germany and Switzerland, and then came back to pitch their tent in their native land, occupying two charming villas built for them during their absence in the neighborhood of Captain Gordon's estate.

In the course of time, Captain Mayfare also married, and settled in the neighborhood of his brothers.

Seadrift, the faithful companion of their perils, transferred to the Gordons the allegiance he once bestowed upon Captain Richard Burke, and alternated between the houses of the two brothers, learning to garden with remarkable facility, and proving a most incomparable factotum. He was the story-teller of the neighborhood, and when he was weary of relating his seafaring adventures, he would go back to his African experience, and astound his hearers by the prodigies of Dahomey.

One day, Mr. Josiah Slocumb disappeared with Miss Hepzibah Butterworth, and when they returned, the latter announced to Mrs. Gordon, with many attempts at blushing, that henceforth it might be proper to address her as Mrs. Slocumb, she having accepted the offer of Mr. Slocumb's heart and hand.

The bridegroom explained the matter to Captain Gordon without any attempt at blushing.

"Ye see, cap'n," said he, "the critter's been hintin' and hintin' at a matteromoneyall transaction ever since I hired eout to you. At first I kinder held off, on account of disparity of age, and good looks, etc., which I railly reckoned, cap'n, overbalanced the differ of fortin; but at last I got kinder used to the critter, eatin' 'long side of her—a feller can get used to eenaymost anything—and she done the fair thing by me—she settled all her property on to—and—wall—we're both on us satisfied, and I take it, that's all to be said about it."

"Certainly," said the captain.

"She aint bad lookin', cap'n, considerin' her age?"

"Not at all," said the captain, cheerily. "And you might have done a much more foolish thing."

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As soon as the father heard this, he said to his son: "You have shown yourself the laziest of all, and you shall be king."—*From Stories of Fairy Land.*

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

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Raise we a strain to-day,
A patriotic lay,
Soon as the sun's first ray
Announces morn;
The "day we celebrate,"
To Freedom consecrate,
Commemorates a State,
A nation born.

Honor the statesmen dead!
Honor the brave who bled!
Honor the chief who led
Our armies on!
Firm as the serrate rock,
Nobly he bore the shock,
The saviour of his flock,
Great Washington!

See, through the future years,
Our eagle still careers,
America appears,
Her banner bright!
Liberty still her guide,
Evil may ne'er betide,—
Always upon her side
God and the right!

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COUSIN BEN.

BY MAURICE DELANCEY.

BEN OWEN was a happy fellow; not because anything new had taken place which was of peculiarly pleasing import to him, but because he would be happy, and having a well developed social nature, and a vein of mirthfulness which not only occupied a goodly space in his cranium, but seemed to have quite a deposit in his heart, it is no matter of wonder that his company was ever welcome to both old and young; for, although his mates called him a jolly good fellow, yet he had not gained it by being a song singing, free and easy loafer, but by being, as he claimed, a nice, modest young man. As his character will develop itself by becoming acquainted with Ben himself, we will, without further ceremony, take a peep at him, as he half reclines on a lounge in his private apartment in the dwelling of Squire Williams, who is at once his host and employer, being the principal merchant in the little thriving village of K——.

"I declare," says Ben, "it's scandalous that I haven't been up to see Aunt Fannie yet, I must make a move in that direction right speedily," and suiting the action to the word, he started up so quickly as to overturn his table, lamp and all. "Well," says Ben, "my way looks rather dark at present, and a lamp to my feet does not prove just the thing to light it, either, specially when the lamp is gone out."

Two days after this colloquy of Ben's, we find him, with leave of absence for a week, on board the cars bound for Percy, the residence of his father's sister, Mrs. Ogden, whom he, as well as many who claimed no connexion by blood, designated as Aunt Fannie.

Aunt Fannie's household consisted of but herself and two daughters, Ola, a frank, intelligent girl of twenty, or thereabouts, and Olivia, a romp of fourteen, who liked work as well as play, as she said, but play a great deal the best, and who had a vivid recollection of Cousin Ben from his having frightened her on his last visit to Percy, three years before, by stopping suddenly, as she was flying down the walk to meet him, holding up both hands, and exclaiming, "O! O!" which words of fearful import she could not understand, until he explained, by saying:

"I only meant Olivia Ogden."

It is needless to add that the merry girl boxed his ears for stopping her so suddenly, and ended by agreeing to be good friends if he would perpetrate the same on Ola, who had just spied him.

But we have digressed, and left Ben to his own reflections while taking notes of those whose guest he was to be. On arriving at the station, he began to cast about for some means to carry out the plan, which had been formed since starting, of taking them by surprise, for his innate love of fun was seriously opposed to marching straight in, and going through all the ceremonies of "how-dye do," and "how do you do"—warm though he knew his welcome would be, after a three years' absence.

He soon spied an object, far away up the street, and rather more than half way to Mrs. Ogden's, which appeared to suit his ideas nicely, as a hurried "good" escaped his lips. Entering the first store, he called for pen, paper and envelope, and in a neat business hand indited the following epistle:

"K——, Dec. 5th, 1856, 7 A. M.

"DEAR AUNT AND COUSINS:—Cook up the whole of your best pumpkin (make it all into pies, for Ben is coming soon, and he hasn't had anything to eat in three years, in your house,) and aside from the cooking part, slick up a little, if you need it, and then look sharp for Cousin Ben, who remains as ever,

Yours affectionately."

"Rather short, and more odd than sweet," said Ben, as he hurried up the walk to overtake the object of his vision which proved to be a book pedler's cart, whose owner, a driving young Yankee, was just placing his well packed satchel of specimens in its place, preparatory to going ahead.

"Look here," says Ben, "you don't expect to make more than a quarter in the next fifteen minutes, and I am good for that if you will let me take your place for a short time."

"Agreed," says Bookey.

"And furthermore," says Ben, "I want you to take this letter, and in about five minutes deliver it to the lady of the house where you see me enter. It is marked 'in haste,' and you can call the post-master your uncle, or something of the kind."

"Very well," says Bookey again.

Mounting the cart, or sleigh, perhaps we should call it, for it was on runners, Ben drove off, skipped the two or three intervening houses, turned the corner, and brought up at his aunt's door. Pulling his cap well down over his eyes,

married, and settled in the neighborhood of his brothers.

Seadrift, the faithful companion of their perils, transferred to the Gordons the allegiance he once bestowed upon Captain Richard Burke, and alternated between the houses of the two brothers, learning to garden with remarkable facility, and proving a most incomparable factotum. He was the story-teller of the neighborhood, and when he was weary of relating his seafaring adventures, he would go back to his African experience, and astound his hearers by the prodigies of Dahomey.

One day, Mr. Josiah Slocumb disappeared with Miss Hepzibah Butterworth, and when they returned, the latter announced to Mrs. Gordon, with many attempts at blushing, that henceforth it might be proper to address her as Mrs. Slocumb, she having accepted the offer of Mr. Slocumb's heart and hand.

The bridegroom explained the matter to Captain Gordon without any attempt at blushing.

"Ye see, cap'n," said he, "the critter's been hintin' and hintin' at a matteromoneyall transaction ever since I hired eout to you. At first I kinder held off, on account of disparity of age, and good looks, etc., which I railly reckoned, cap'n, overbalanced the differ of fortin; but at last I got kinder used to the critter, eatin' 'long side of her—a feller can get used to eenaymost anything—and she done the fair thing by me—she settled all her property on to—and—wall—we're both on us satisfied, and I take it, that's all to be said about it."

"Certainly," said the captain.

"She aint bad lookin', cap'n, considerin' her age?"

"Not at all," said the captain, cheerily. "And you might have done a much more foolish thing."

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Our eagle still careers,
America appears,
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Mounting the cart, or sleigh, perhaps we should call it, for it was on runners, Ben drove off, skipped the two or three intervening houses, turned the corner, and brought up at his aunt's door. Pulling his cap well down over his eyes, and giving his whiskers, which he knew they had never seen, an extra brush over his face, he grasped the satchel and stumped along in.

"Any books for ye ladies this day?" said Ben, in a brogue which he afterward declared belonged to no nation, and in a tone just a little tremulous, from the fact that besides the usual family group, there was a pair of sparkling eyes facing him, in whose depths he almost fancied he could see his own shadow. Luckily those who would have known him, had they looked intently, were busy with their several employments, and gave only a passing glance, until he had drawn out several volumes, and placed them on the table. He dare not trust his voice too much, and therefore contented himself with passing to the stranger lady the latest work of Miss Wetherell, to Ola a book which he knew not the title of, but which proved to be Dr. Kane's Expedition, and to Mrs. Ogden, Miss Leslie's cook book.

A rap on the door started Olivia from her rocking in the old arm-chair, and opening it she admitted a gentleman who entered with the inquiry:

"Does Mrs. Ogden reside here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, here is a letter which uncle desired me to leave here, as it was marked 'in haste.'"

"Thank you," said Mrs. Ogden, "will you sit by the fire?"

"No, madam, cannot stay," said the temporary letter carrier, who had caught Ben's eye.

And in truth Ben would gladly have winked the letter out with him if it had been possible, for he rather dreaded to have one, at least, in the circle detect his boyish trick.

"O, it's from Cousin Ben," said Livy, "don't you want to hear it?"

Ben's lips almost uttered no; but he had to keep quiet while it was read, which he had anticipated enjoying for the sake of hearing their comments, but which he would have given his quarter not to have listened to now.

"He is coming right away," said Livy, "O, I am so glad!"

"When was it dated?" said Mrs. Ogden.

"Yesterday," replied Ola, who had picked up the letter, and turning to Ella Cameron, her guest, she added, "Now you must not judge Cousin Ben by this letter, for he can write real nice ones. I'll show you some of his letters some day."

"Better not show them in his presence," said Aunt Fannie, quietly, over whose face a half-smile had suddenly come, unnoticed by any of them, and turning her eyes she continued:

"I think, Ben, you have been remarkably active, to peddle a hundred miles in a day and a half, beating your own letter by express. It is lucky that we baked yesterday."

Ben's game was up; he had forgotten that he inherited his fun-loving propensity from his father, and that Aunt Fannie, who had studied him out while he was attending to the sale of his books, was not a whit less keen, albeit, she was ensconced behind a pair of spectacles.

"Well," says Ben, "I did come pretty quick, but I didn't peddle all the way, and as for the baking, it is lucky, for positively, I have not eaten anything since I started."

It must not be supposed that Ben had been standing idle during this colloquy, for Livy had sprang up with an "O, Ben!" on the first mention of his name, and Ola, through whose brain had flashed a tit for tat for his trick, after greeting him warmly, introduced him to her friend, *Mrs.* Cameron.

"So she's married, eh?" soliloquized Ben, as he divested himself of all extra fixtures, "well, some fellow is lucky, to the entire extermination of my exalted ideas of love at first sight; but it is an ill wind that blows nowhere, and that pumpkin, or squash-head letter, will do no harm after all, and it will also be unnecessary for me to make any great display of my talents, and furthermore, I'm right glad coz pronounced the name so plainly, or I might have got my rash self into a precious fix."

During these cogitations, Ben had disposed of his implements of trade, in other words, books, keeping one to amuse odd hours, and consigning the rest into the hands of Bookie, aforesaid.

"You ar'n't deaf, are you?" said Livy, coming close up to the rocking chair in which Ben was seated, and speaking in a half serious, half comic tone.

"Why?" said Ben, starting up from the reverie in which he had fallen during a minute's cessation of questions and answers.

"Why, because I asked twice how long you were going to stay, and Ola said perhaps you were getting hard of hearing."

"Well," said Ben, half laughing and half blushing to think his merry coz suspected his thoughts, "I guess I am a little deaf, but if you speak in my right ear I will try and hear for the future."

"Well, then, answer my question, and I'll give you some dinner."

"Half as many days as you've seen years," was Ben's reply, removing to a seat at the table, and while he is attacking the eatables, we will take a glance at the circumstances of some of the group.

Mr. Ogden, for many years a lumber merchant in Percy, had died nearly six years previous to this time, leaving behind a bountiful provision for his family, and what was prized still more by the bereaved ones, a name unstained, and a memory, which though sorrowful, was yet filled with many pleasant recollections, and wishing that memory to be ever cherished, Mrs. Ogden continued to occupy the same house which for years had sheltered the unbroken band, and also retained William Merry the gardener, who claimed that Mr. Ogden had been his best friend, and that he would never leave the employ of the family, while they said ay to his stay.

Ellen Cameron was one of Ola's schoolmates, whose friendship she prized above all price, and now that her father had removed his residence to another place, three miles distant, she had come back to renew old associations in a three days' visit, more or less.

"Why, Ben, what are you doing?" said Ola, as she heard a rattling of the dishes.

"O, using my liberty," was the reply, as with a grave face he proceeded to clear the table and shake the cloth, "I'm paid at home to race and chase, up stairs and down, pull down and pile up, climb on the counter, and under the counter, and above all, not forget to grin a clerkified smile at all, from the judge's lady who pays for her purchases out of a glittering purse, to the little freckled German girl, who brings a dozen eggs to get snuff for mother, and tobacco for father, and now that I am off duty, as a soldier would say, I am going to make myself as lawless as possible, without infringing on any one's rights."

"Well," said Ola, "if you have that proviso in all your lawlessness, I shall not be afraid of you, and lest you think that your sources of enjoyment will be limited, I will state that in the library you will find no dearth of reading, in the parlor a new piano in place of the old one, and near it a lounge, so that when you have played and sang yourself to death, you can lay your remains there. For out-of-door exercise you will find curly Carlo ever ready for a race, and for a ride or drive, Merry will at any time equip for you our pet Selim; but by the way, I hope you will be gallant enough not to drive out alone. I should hardly dare trust you."

"Well," said Ben, laughing, "according to your account, there will be no danger of my stagnating, and as for the last clause, I can take Merry along to guard against accidents."

"I guess you would have fared better to have left out that hint," said Ella.

"No," said Ola, "I understand his talk, he shall carry me and you too, if I say so."

"Good," says Ben, "you are for woman's rights, I see."

We will pass over three days, during which the young folks, Ella included, had spent the time very agreeably, not endeavoring to kill time, as some do, but to make the most of it. They had sung tremendously, as Livy said, and had an instrumental accompaniment extraordinary, for Ben, although a passable performer, did not choose to play in the presence of the ladies, but was eminently successful in assisting them, by throwing in what he called passing notes. Not being always introduced according to strict rules of harmony, it usually had the effect to cause a suspension of the music, or what Ella termed a dotted rest, inasmuch as the merry trio or quarto found that (as friend Digby has it) the "more harder" they tried to suppress their mirthfulness, the "more worser" it grew. Then they had a reading circle in the evenings, in which each took a part, and usually ended by digging out a quantity of charades, puzzles and mathematical questions, and a larger quantity of walnut meats. And they had a sleigh ride which went off finely for all parties, Ben acting the part of driver, and taking for his first load Ola and Ella, and for the second, Livy and (because he urged it) Aunt Fannie, and each party came back congratulating themselves that they had escaped a great mercy, as Ben had in the first instance shown his skill in horsemanship by making singularly short cuts from street to street, through by-lanes, to the imminent danger of the demolition of certain domestic fowls, and miniature swine, who were not on the look-out for such an apparition, and furthermore by performing sundry evolutions around smooth corners on one runner, to the infinite gratification of horse and driver, and the wonderment of the ladies, who on each repetition of skill, clung convulsively to Ben, whether unpleasantly to him or no, this deponent saith not. Aunt Fannie was informed how matters went before setting out, and she extracted a promise that he would drive slow, which he did to the letter, driving once slowly through the village, and then quietly reining on to the mill pond, that he might, as he said, obtain a better view of their fishing operations through the ice. Aunt Fannie was about to remonstrate, but Livy seized the reins and compelled him to retrace his steps, declaring at the same time that he was as full of mischief as a monkey.

Reviewing, as we have said, these three days of pleasant intercourse with but a passing glance, we will take a peep at Merry, who is hitching Selim in the cutter, before the carriage-house door, and moreover who is wondering what that usually lively young man (Ben) who is pretending to assist him, is in such a brown study about.

"Where might you be going, if you are free to tell?" said Merry.

"Going to take Mrs. Cameron home," was the answer.

"Mrs. who?" said Merry.

"Mrs. Cameron," replied Ben, "her husband wrote to her to-day to come in the stage, but the girls have deputed me to act the part of stage-driver."

"Why, Mr. Owen, I don't know what you mean; it must be Ella Cameron whom you refer to, but she is no more married that I ever heard of, than is Livy there."

"Isn't she?" said Ben, coming out of his brown study wondrously sudden.

"No," said Merry, "Ola sometimes calls her Mrs., in sport, because you see in early life she was betrothed to her Cousin Richard, but he proved a sorry dog, and ran away to the West Indies, where they say he is married to one of their swarthy squaws."

"Go on," said Ben, grasping the reins.

"Whoa," said Merry, "you haven't hooked that snap, and besides, you want the buffalo robe and whip."

"Right," said Ben, waiting impatiently while the desired articles were being arranged.

We are truly sorry that we cannot give the details of that drive, but as neither Ola nor Livy went along to chronicle the conversation, it would be idle to guess at it. Certain it is that Ben was gone some time, and when questioned as to the delay on his return, he referred it to his having called on an old neighbor from K——, living off the road—said neighbor allows that he did stay there just eleven minutes.

"Ben," said Ola, as he was sitting by the fire after his ride, gazing very demurely into the open grate, "I expect you'll take my ears off, but I've played rather a serious joke on you."

"What?" said Ben, starting up as suddenly as if he had not dreamed of such a thing.

"Why," said Ola, quietly, "Ella Cameron is not a married lady, that's all."

"Isn't, who was it that wrote to her to-day, then?"

"Her father," was the reply.

"Well, you did fool me some; and that's why you answered questions so much more readily when I inquired about Mr. Cameron, than about Ella's husband?"

"Exactly."

"Well," said Ben, "guess it wont make much difference," and he appropriated the back of a chair to the use of his slippers, with their contents, while he whistled "Love Not."

As writers of history do not usually dabble in love matters, we shall soon bring this story to a close, merely saying that by a curious happen, on the day before Ben's departure, Mrs. Ogden and Ola were invited to an afternoon visit, and Livy to a sleigh ride, so that Ben was to be left alone, after taking out the ladies. He was cordially invited to stay by their hostess, but excused himself, as he had become much interested in reading a book which he wished to finish. It was sometime after Ben's departure for home, ere his kind relatives learned that Selim stood two hours that said afternoon in Mr. Cameron's barn, instead of his mistress's. It was less than one year ere he came to see them again. Kind reader, adieu.

P. S.—Miss Cameron, that was, is now Mrs. Ben.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TO MY HUSBAND.

BY A. THERESA TERRY.

When on this form the blight of years
Hath set its impress and its cares,
And stamped its wrinkles on this brow,
Say, wilt thou love me then as now?

And when the rose forsakes my cheek,
My voice grows tremulous and weak,
My step now firm, though light and free,
Grows feeble, will you then love me?

And when my smile, which now is gay,
Grows sad, and when these locks turn gray,
And when these eyes are dull to see,
Say, will you then, as now, love me?

THE MONKEY AND THE HAWK.

The cook of a French nobleman, whose chateau is in the south of France, had a monkey, which was allowed the free range of the kitchen, and which was so intelligent that by pretty severe training its natural propensity to mischief had been subdued, and it was even taught to perform certain useful services, such as plucking fowls, for instance, at which it was uncommonly expert. One fine morning, a pair of partridges was given to it to pluck. The monkey took them to an open window of the kitchen, which looked directly upon the park, and went to work with great diligence. He soon finished one, which he laid on the outer ledge of the window, and then went quietly on with the other. A hawk, which had been watching his proceedings from a neighboring tree, darted down upon the plucked partridge, and in a minute was up in the tree again, greedily devouring his prey. The consternation of the monkey at this untoward adventure may be easily imagined. He knew he should be severely whipped for losing it. He hopped about in great distress for some minutes, when suddenly a bright thought struck him. Seizing the remaining partridge, he went to work with great energy, and stripped off the feathers. He then laid it on the ledge, just where he had placed the other, and closing one of the shutters, concealed himself behind it. The hawk, which by this time had finished his meal, very soon swooped down upon the partridge, but hardly had his claw touched the bird, when the monkey sprung upon him from behind the shutter. The hawk's head was instantly wrung, and the monkey, with a triumphant chuckle, proceeded to strip off the feathers. This done, he carried the two picked fowls to his master, with a confident and self-satisfied air, which seemed to say, "Here are two birds, sir; just what you gave me." What the cook said, on finding one of the partridges converted into a hawk, is more than we are able to tell.—*London Leader.*

HOW THEY DOCTOR HORSES.

The following paragraph is copied from Neal's "Syria, Palestine and Asia Minor":—In Acre there is a plentiful supply of Turkish veterinary surgeons; and about the most curious sight I ever witnessed was a horse under treatment by these practitioners. First, they threw it on the ground, by tying its four feet or hoofs so closely together that it became as helpless as an infant; then a tight bandage was placed over the nose and mouth, only leaving sufficient space for the animal to breathe. A Turkish pipe, containing tobacco, bang, hashish, cuscus, and other narcotics, was inserted in one of the nostrils, and a spark being placed upon the bowl, the horse immediately involuntarily inhaled the stupefying smoke; which had the effect, after a very short period, of rendering it unconscious of what was going on. Then the skill of surgery was brought into play, and the fetlock of the poor brute being laid open, a perfect hive of worms, deposited by a fly common in some parts of the desert between Damascus and Bagdad, was duly extracted. The wound was closed up with pitch sticking-plaster, and the bands being unloosened, buckets of cold water were thrown over the horse, who quickly revived. The foot was now placed in a sling, and in a few days afterwards, so effective had been the operation, the horse was fit to pursue his daily avocations.

KNOW THYSELF.

A gentlewoman named Miss Dash Dash informs the world by advertisement that she "continues to give her graphic and interesting delineations of character, discoverable from the handwriting." A spider having been duly dipped in an ink bottle was suffered to crawl about a sheet of writing paper, which was immediately forwarded to Miss Dash Dash with the required "thirteen penny postage stamps," for the sybil divines nothing under a clear shilling, and her response costs a penny. After a very brief delay, Miss Dash Dash sent the following delineation of character as supplied by the spider:

"The individual is a young lady who too often suffers herself to become a victim of useless suspense. Moreover, she is so frequently bent upon conquest that it can be no wonder if her most skilfully woven plans are rudely broken by those she would ensnare. She is, certainly, of a domestic character; nevertheless gives no sign of housewifery, as it appears to me that she can't abide a broom, and has no respect for the tidiness of a housemaid. Is an excellent hand at crochet and open-work."

With the slight mistake of a spider for a young lady, the "interpretation" must be considered perfect, and well worthy the thirteen postage stamps.—*Boston Traveller.*

Housewife's Department.

[Prepared expressly for The Flag of our Union.]

How to select Flour.

1. Look at its color; if it is white, with a slightly yellowish or straw-colored tint, buy it. If it is very white, with a bluish cast, or with black specks in it, refuse it. 2. Examine its adhesiveness; wet and knead a little of it between the fingers; if it works dry and elastic, it is good; if it works soft and sticky, it is poor. Flour made from spring wheat is very likely to be sticky. 3. Throw a little lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it adheres in a lump, the flour has life in it; if it falls like powder, it is bad. 4. Squeeze some of the flour in your hand; if it retains the shape given it by the pressure, that, too, is a good sign. Flour that will stand all these tests it is safe to buy. These modes are given by old flour dealers, and we make no apology for printing them, as they pertain to a matter that concerns everybody, namely, the "staff of life."

Prince Albert's Perfume.

Ambergris, half an ounce; musk, three drachms; lump sugar, two drachms; grind together in a Wedgwood-ware mortar; add of oil of cloves, ten drops; of true balsam of Peru, twenty drops; and of essence of jasmine or tuberose, a sufficient quantity to convert it into a perfectly smooth paste; then put it into a strong bottle, with rectified spirits of wine, one quart. Observe, before adding the whole of the last, to rinse the mortar out well with it, that nothing may be lost. Lastly, digest for six or eight weeks. The result will be a remarkably fine product. A very small quantity added to lavender water, eau de cologne, tooth powder, wash balls, or a hogshead of claret, communicates a delicious fragrance.

Commencement Cake.

Four pounds of flour, two and a half of sugar, two of butter, a small quart of milk, half a pint of wine, eight eggs, two gills of yeast, two nutmegs, two teaspoonsful of cinnamon, one of clove, or a little mace. Make up the flour, yeast, and milk, exactly like bread, and when fully light, add the other ingredients, and put it into deep pans. If the weather is cool, let it stand till the next day. When it is again very light, add one pound of currants and two of raisins; and bake two hours. This is excellent cake, and will keep good several weeks.

Cheap Barometer.

Take a clean glass bottle and put in it a small quantity of finely pulverized alum. Then fill up the bottle with spirits of wine. The alum will be perfectly dissolved by the alcohol, and in clear weather the liquid will be as transparent as the purest water. On the approach of rain or cloudy weather the alum will be visible in a flaky spiral cloud, in the centre of the fluid, reaching from the bottom to the surface. Thus a cheap, simple and beautiful barometer is placed within the reach of all who wish to possess one.

How to cook Rhubarb.

It is a common error in cooking rhubarb to peel it. This should never be done, as the skin contains the aroma of the plant and is not at all fibrous, but cooks as readily and becomes pulpy. We have derived this information from a French cook of note, experience and skill. The same cook tells us that asparagus should be cut into pieces about three quarters of an inch long before cooking. It should be boiled with a nice piece of salt pork, and served up in the same manner as peas.

White and soft Hands.

Nothing is so conducive to the beauty of a lady's hand, as the practice of frequent washing in warm water, and with fine soaps. Gloves, too, if worn in the house, tend to preserve the delicacy of the hands. After being washed, the hands should always be rubbed dry; if this be not done, the damp left on the skin is apt to turn them red, than which nothing can be more detrimental to the pleasing appearance of the hand.

Hint for the Season.

The simplest and best way of preserving woolens through the summer from the destruction of the moths, is to wrap them well up, after brushing them and beating them, in cotton or linen cloths. The moth can pass neither. Two covers well wrapped around, and secured from the air, will be effectual. An old sheet will answer, and save all expense of camphor.

Medical use of Salt.

In many cases of a disordered stomach, a teaspoonful of salt is a certain cure. In the violent internal agony, termed colic, add a teaspoonful of salt to a pint of cold water; drink it down and go to bed; it is one of the speediest remedies known. The same will revive a person who seems almost dead from a heavy fall.

Sponge Gingerbread.

Warm a pint of molasses; stir in while warm a piece of butter the size of an egg, then stir in a large spoonful of best white ginger; dissolve one large teaspoonful of soda in a pint of new milk; strain this into the mixture; when cool, sift in as much flour as will make it stiff; then roll it out in cakes and bake on tins.

Game.

The Virginia Rail, who builds her nest of sedgy materials near the seashore, or in quagmires, when used for the table, should, like most aquatic birds, have a sliced carrot or onion introduced after the bird is drawn, to remove a strong taste induced by the diet and situation of such birds.

Sick Headache.

Two teaspoonsful of finely powdered charcoal, drank in a half tumbler of water, will often give relief to the sick headache, when caused, as in most cases it is, by superabundance of acid on the stomach.

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Poet's Corner.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

WHENCE CAME MY SOUL?

BY C. G. WRIGHT.

Whence came my soul? that strange, mysterious thing,
That guides my footsteps wheresoe'er I go;
That fans my brow with pleasure's fairy wing,
Or drowns my bosom in the tide of woe.

Whence came my soul? it came not from the earth;
I cannot, dare not, call that spirit mine!
A power more mighty gave the soul its birth,
To which the soul is bound by laws divine.

Whence is that power? that has our being given,
And guards it ever in its watchful care;
It tells us of a happy home in heaven,
And says there is no death nor sorrow there.

It tells us of a holy city, built
For Christian pilgrims, from their bondage free;
And says that when the blood of earth is spilt,
His endless glory shall our portion be.

But there's a deep and yawning gulf between,
Through which there rolls a dark and threatening flood;
But shrink not, soul, to face that closing scene!
'Tis earth's last tribute to the shrine of God!

THE STRAIGHT ROAD.

Beauty may be the path to highest good,
And some successfully have it pursued.
Thou, who wouldst follow, be well warned to see
That way prove not a curved road to thee.
The straightest path perhaps which may be sought
Lies through the great highway men call I ought.
DISCIPLES HYMN-BOOK.

CHANGE.

Men change with fortune, manners change with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.—POPE.

Domestic Story Department.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

OUR LOST LUCY.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

IT was a beautiful afternoon in early June. Mother had flung open the sitting-room windows, and beside one of them we sat together, sewing and talking. The climbing rose-vines had begun to bud about the pillars of the piazza, and the pansies that ran in a little border along by the path to the gate, were opening, one by one, their purple hearts to the summer.

Little Lucy, the pet and plaything of the whole household, from our stern father down to the youngest and most boisterous of our brothers, sat upon the carpet sorting over a lapful of wild violets and honey-suckles that she had just brought in from the fields. Bravo, our house dog, lay curled up at her feet, watching her as she threw away and selected her flowers, with a queer mixture of extravagance and fastidiousness. Once in a while he would growl and snap his jaws, as a malicious fly buzzed about his ears; or wag his tail gratefully, as Lucy would pause in her dainty employment to brush away his tormentors, and stroke his long, silky ears with her dimpled fingers.

All at once the music of a hand-organ came in through the window. Lucy sprang to her feet, grasping her apron of flowers, and ran out upon the piazza; while Bravo, shaking himself, and treading with a sort of doggish disdain upon those she had discarded, stalked leisurely behind her.

We stopped sewing and leaned forward to catch a glimpse of our entertainers. There were two of them, a man and woman, the latter carrying in her hand a tambourine.

"May I dance, Maggie?" called Lucy, as they struck up a lively measure.

I nodded assent, and the next moment she was tripping across the piazza to the music of the organ. It was a simple dance I had taught her for amusement, and she could execute it without a single misstep. A pretty picture she made out there, where the shade of the roses and the sheen of the sun were plaited together so lovingly; her long, yellow curls floating backward from her shoulders; her neck and arms bare, plump and dazzlingly white; one hand clasping the broad ribbons of her hat, which had half fallen from her head in her breezy motion, and the other holding up her white tunic with its wreath of blue and scarlet blossoms; her cheeks flushed to crimson with excitement, and her clear, brown eyes sparkling with delight.

I noticed that the woman watched her with evident admiration, never once taking her eyes from her until she stopped, exhausted, and with a coquettish courtesy, threw herself down in the cool portico, leaning her head back against one of the pillars, till her hair looked like tendrils of gold, dropping through the emerald vines.

I tossed a small bit of coin out of the window to her, and she, with a gleeful laugh, put it between Bravo's teeth, and bade him carry it to them.

The man shouldered his organ with a low bow, and had started to go, when his companion touched him on the shoulder, and spoke a few words to him in a foreign, jargonish language. He turned and looked at Lucy, and then answered in the same low, rapid, indistinct tone, which I could not understand, while an expression, strange, cunning and almost cruel, passed over his face.

For the first time, I scrutinized them closely. They were an evil-looking couple. The man was short and thick set, with bushy whiskers, eyes almost hid under wrinkled, shelving eyebrows, and thin, wide lips, one of which was gashed with a long, crimson scar. The woman was a dark, mulattoish-looking person, with crisp, black hair, and little, sharp, gray eyes. Two square, yellow teeth projected over her lower lip, and her chin was long and protruding. They were both ragged and filthy in appearance.

I shuddered involuntarily as I looked at them, and as if an instinctive knowledge of my sudden aversion had influenced them, they both lifted their eyes to mine. There was something in the insolent stare they gave me that brought the angry blood to my face. Mother had already withdrawn from the window, and glad to escape from the uncomfortable feeling that had come over me, I followed her.

"Where is Lucy?"

The afternoon had worn silently away, and we were laying the table for tea, when mother asked the question.

I went to the window, and looked out, expecting to see her asleep, with her head among the vines, for the piazza was her favorite afternoon resort. Bravo was there, winking and half asleep, his shaggy body stretched out in the sun—but Lucy was gone.

"I guess she has run out to the field, to meet father and the boys," I answered, in reply to mother's inquiring look, "she isn't in sight."

Nothing more was said until the men-folks came in to supper. Lucy was not with them, nor had they seen her on their way home.

"I'll run out and find her while father is saying grace," shouted Willie, snatching his cap, "that'll save time, and I'm hungry."

We all smiled at his idea of economy, but no one offered any objection, and he went out.

"Lucy! *L-u-cy!* L-u-c-e-e!" we heard him call, with a voice as sharp and clear as a young savage's. Soon he came in, out of breath, but without Lucy.

"Perhaps she has gone into some of the neighbors, and they have invited her to tea. Let's eat supper, and then if she don't come, we'll hunt her up," spoke Caleb, my oldest brother.

Tacitly consenting, we took our seats at the table. But that was an unusually quiet meal. It was no common occurrence to miss the golden head from the foot of the table, and the vacant high chair drawn up so stiffly before the unused plate, and the untouched tumbler of fresh, white milk, seemed ominous of desolation. There was a shade of anxiety on mother's naturally serene countenance; father scarcely spoke during the meal, and I could not help glancing often and wistfully at the open door, hoping every moment to see it shadowed by the entrance of a little dancing figure, which yet, something told me, forebodingly, would not come. Only my brothers, thinking of no possibility of harm, and with the healthy, eager appetite of growing and working boys, ate with avidity.

Supper over, they went out, taking different paths to the neighbors; and after clearing away the tea things, we seated ourselves to wait for them.

The faint shadow of early dusk was just beginning to fall, when Willie returned lingeringly toward the house.

"Hasn't she come yet?" he asked, as he came within calling distance.

"Then I must go right back," he added, in reply to our anxious "no." "Father and Caleb are waiting for me at Mr. Gould's. They thought they would send word before they went any further"—and he ran off without stopping to answer our eager inquiries.

Mr. Gould's was as far as we had ever known Lucy to go alone, and I knew by the distressed look on mother's countenance, that she was getting seriously alarmed.

I could not bear to sit there, with the dreadful uncertainty of our darling's fate weighing on my heart like ice, and throwing on my bonnet and shawl, and bidding mother keep up good courage, for I was sure we should find Lucy, I went out into the sober twilight.

I thought of the well in the back-yard, and went to it, half expecting, as I leaned over the mossy boards, to see the white frock and shining hair of my little sister gleam up at me from the cool, dark waters. But no! they were clear and glassy, and silent as ever.

I went into the orchard. It was deserted, even by the robins which had sang there all the day. I wandered down to the brook. There were the prints of tiny shoes in the sand, and a few withered violets that Lucy had scattered that afternoon; but through the shallow waves I could see the gleam of the gray pebbles, and the music of the water as it rippled over them smote my heart like a dirge.

I leaped the brook and walked swiftly and resolutely along the narrow path that led from it, for every moment the fear in my heart grew stronger and more terrible. Lucy was surely lost, and I must help to find her.

Before me stretched a long strip of woodland, and beyond it lay another village—the twin to ours, as we Elton people used to call it. Perhaps Lucy had rambled out there, and fallen asleep in the forest.

The solemn music of the trees, as their leaves rustled in the evening wind, and the gray, gloomy light that pervaded the wood, chilled me with an overpowering sense of loneliness; but I hurried on perseveringly. A light, pattering step among the leaves by my side, startled me. I turned, with a quick outstretching of my arms, and my heart leaping to my throat. It was only Bravo, who had followed me thus far.

For a long time I wandered about, searching among the trees, and calling Lucy by her name. Weary and disheartened, I was about retracing my steps, when a few drops of rain upon my bonnet, caused me to look up. In my haste and eagerness, deceived by the obscurity of the wood, I had not noticed the gradual gathering of the storm which now hung black and threatening in the sky.

I had reached a little clearing among the trees, where some wood-cutters had reared them a temporary shelter. It was almost night, yet I knew by the looks of the clouds, that the storm would not last long. Whether to wait there until it should have passed over, or hurry home in the rain, I could not decide. At last I concluded to do the former. I was tolerably courageous, and with Bravo for a companion, I need not fear.

Quickening my pace, I soon reached the rude hut that stood like a rough hermit alone there in the wilderness. What was my surprise, as I stepped upon the threshold, at hearing voices? It was too late to retreat, however. Seated on the ground, with their backs to the entrance—some suspicious-looking food spread upon their laps, and with a couple of well-filled pipes lying beside them, waiting to be used—sat a man and woman, whom I at once recognized as the organ-grinder and his mate, who had stopped at our house that afternoon.

"Git eout, ye baste!" screamed the woman, in a shrill, angry voice, as Bravo went smelling around, and stopped with a low whine in front of a small, rough wooden chest which stood near.

Neither of them had as yet perceived me, but as the man aimed a cold bone he had been picking, at Bravo's head, I sprang forward.

He leaped to his feet, and the look of mingled malignity and confusion that crossed his features, frightened me. I would have retreated, but the rain was now pouring in torrents without; and more than all, a quick, overwhelming suspicion flashed across my mind. Lucy had not been seen since they went away, and who knew but what they had stolen her.

I looked all around. There was no place for concealment, unless it was the chest, and by that Bravo was still lingering, scratching it with his fore paws, and whining most piteously.

With that instinctive cautiousness which comes to persons in sudden emergencies, I called Bravo away; for the conviction that I was nearer Lucy than I had been before that evening, settled upon me with a force that I could not shake off, and I knew I must be crafty.

"I hope, my good people," said I, in a mollifying tone, "you will excuse me if I intrude; but, as you see, I am caught in the shower, and cannot go on. May I sit here?"

And I advanced toward the chest.

They had sat staring at me while I spoke, and apparently not more than half comprehending what I said; but when I made a movement toward that, the woman, with a ferocious scowl, and an oath worded in bad English, sprang to intercept me.

She was too late. I had already taken my seat, and was unconcernedly stroking the head of Bravo, who crouched, still whining, at my side.

Thrown off her guard, by my apparent listlessness, she returned to her place, and took up her pipe. Evidently, though she eyed me narrowly, she had not recognized me.

And now I heard a movement in the box beneath me, that made my very heart stand still to listen—a movement as of some living object confined, and feeling about in its prison. I turned my eyes carelessly, while stooping down, apparently to caress Bravo, and discovered two or three rows of holes in the side of the box. They seemed to have been newly bored, by the little ridges of sawdust that surrounded them. Nothing more was needed to convince me. Lucy was there, and those holes were for ventilation!

I could hardly restrain my agitation within bounds. Doubtless she had heard either my voice or the whining of Bravo, and had taken the only method in her power to manifest her presence. Even then her little heart might be aching with its burden of uncertainty, terror and despair. What could I do to save her?

A thousand plans darted through my head in an instant. My first impulse was to accuse them to their faces, and bid them release her on the spot; but desperate as they would become on the discovery of their guilt, what might they not be tempted to do? If they should murder me and bury me in the woods, what chance would either of us have of being found, so long as our whole family and perhaps half the neighborhood were running hither and thither in their search for Lucy? I knew by the evil expression of their faces, that they would not hesitate to kill me, if I stood in the way of their plans, and it would be the height of foolhardiness for me to attempt to resist or detain them, if they chose to depart, for either of them could have mastered three like me, nerved though I was to meet the worst emergency that offered itself.

"Bravo, my good doggy, do you think you can do an errand for me?" I said playfully, checking any expression of my emotion by a strong effort of will. Bravo wagged his tail and barked joyfully.

I took a small piece of paper from my pocket, but found I had no pencil. I had noticed as I came in, a place where fires had been built outside, and going out, I found a bit of charred wood, with which I returned to my task. My companions were eyeing me suspiciously.

"P-l-e-a-s-e, please, b-r-i-n-g, bring," I said, spelling aloud as I wrote, that they might hear me, "m-e, me, a-n, an, u-m-b-r-e-l-l-a, umbrella."

I spelled the note one way and wrote it another. It was to my mother, and ran thus:

"Send father and the boys to me without delay. I think I have found Lucy, alive and well, but I need help. I cannot stop to say more. For Heaven's sake, tell them to hasten. Bravo will show them where to find me."

Folding the almost illegible missive, I put it in Bravo's mouth, telling him to carry it home. As if he understood the errand on which he was going, and the result depending upon his faithful fulfilment of it, he started on a brisk trot homeward. That was a long, long time I sat there, waiting for his return. The evening gathered slowly, till the darkness in the little cabin became almost impenetrable. The rain had leaked down through the loose board roof, till I was wet and chilly. The sobbing of the wind and rain among the trees, and the low, mumbling conversation carried on between my companions, were the only sounds that interrupted my dreary flow of thoughts. What if none of the men-folks had returned home? What if Bravo should lose his note, and I was forced either to remain there all night, in that desolate and uncomfortable position, or grope my way home alone, and leave Lucy where she was? That, I was decided I would not do.

At last the storm broke away. The cabin lightened a trifle, and, shivering between cold and fright, I saw, with a great feeling of dismay at my heart, that the man and woman were making preparations to resume their journey. I feigned sleep, determined to delay the crisis as long as possible. Presently the woman came and took me by the arm, giving me a rough shake, and muttering something to the purpose that they must be moving, and I might as well let them have the rest of their duds.

I stared at them stupidly, rubbed my eyes, and relapsed again into feigned semi-unconsciousness. Another shake. I did not stir. Still another, and this time it lifted me squarely upon my feet. I could hesitate no longer. The worst had come, and I must face it courageously.

"Go about your business!" I said, resolutely, standing up firm and unflinching before them; "but leave this box. If you carry it one inch from here, you will have to kill me first."

She stepped back a few paces, and glared at me with the malignity of a fiend; but though I trembled from head to foot with fear, I did not quail or falter at her gaze. They looked at each other understandingly, and then, as if some sudden plan had been silently matured between them, both sprang towards me. Quick as the movement was, I had time to comprehend it, and as the woman came forward with the bound of an enraged tiger, I stretched out my hands and planted them full in her chest so forcibly that she reeled and staggered back against the board wall. The next moment, the fierce, brawny arms of her companion held me fast. I felt his strong hand upon my throat, his hot, filthy breath in my face. I gave a quick, silent prayer to Heaven for protection, and knew nothing more.

When I came back to consciousness, the dim rays of a lantern illuminated the hovel, and Lucy, white, frightened and sobbing, was clinging to my neck. Father, Caleb and Willie, with two of our neighbors, were standing over me, and in one corner of the room, bound fast together, were the man and woman, whose very presence made me shudder and grow faint again.

Going home that night, with Lucy by my side, Willie in front carrying the lantern, and father, Caleb and the neighbors bringing up the rear with the prisoners, Willie told me the story.

Bravo had reached home about five minutes after they had returned from a fruitless search. They had deciphered the ill-written message, and started immediately to the rescue. Falling in with two of the neighbors, they had asked them to accompany them; and what had seemed such an age of waiting and suspense to me, could not have been more than three quarters of an hour.

They had found me just after I fainted, and had no difficulty in overpowering and binding the wretches who assailed me. Finding escape impossible, and hoping by that means to obtain their release, they had confessed to the abduction of Lucy, and told them where to find her. When they opened the chest, she was lying tied, upon her back, her white tunic torn off and used as a gag, her hands fastened by the ribbons of her hat, and her ancles bound.

They had stolen her because they thought she would make a valuable addition to their number, and attract money by her beauty and dancing. They had motioned her from the piazza, and under pretence of showing her some pretty images, decoyed her into the woods. They had intended to travel that night, to escape detection, and not compel her to exhibit herself till they were safe from pursuit; but their plans were thwarted, and they were punished by imprisonment.

Many years have passed since then. Father and mother are sleeping side by side in the churchyard. Willie has just graduated honorably at college, and Caleb and I still occupy the old homestead. A little Lucy, with blue eyes and brown curls now sits upon *our* Lucy's knee, and calls her mother.

Floral Department.

[Prepared expressly for The Flag of our Union.]

Bring flowers to crown the cup and lute!
Bring flowers—the bride is near!
Bring flowers to soothe the captive's cell—
Bring flowers to strew the bier!

Cucumber Bugs.

Dr. Heckerman writes: "Most gardeners are very much annoyed by these bugs, which prey alike upon the cucumber, melon, pumpkin and squash—the latter being its favorite. Various plans have been devised for their protection, such as soot, etc. A method which I have practised with nearly entire success, is to form a mixture of equal parts of finely ground black pepper and wheat flour, and dust the plants while the dew is upon them with this mixture, using an ordinary flour or pepper-box. It is a fact generally known, that black pepper is so obnoxious to most insects, that few will approach or stay in its presence. The object of the flour is to combine with the pepper, and with the water or dew to form a paste, which will adhere to the leaves for many days unless washed off by heavy rains: in which case the application should be renewed."

Pink culture.

If you water pinks too much, their roots become rotten; and if you suffer them to be too dry, they become diseased. Beware of extremes. The best rule is to keep them just moist. A fine pink should not have sharp-pointed flower leaves; they should be round and even at their edges, and the colors should be well defined, not running one into the other. The flower should be large; it should possess a great many leaves, and form a sort of dome Piping and slipping, is the most expeditious mode of propagating plants from any selected pink.

Trees and Shrubs.

Young trees and shrubs—such as rose bushes—if received from a distant nursery and appear dry and withered, should be treated as follows: dig a trench in the ground just as long as the trees or shrubs and roots, and lay them down in this; cover with a little dirt. pour on a pail of water, and then cover all over with six inches of earth. In forty-eight hours the buds will be swelled out full, and you can then plant them out. This was the method recommended by the lamented Downing.

Vermin on Flowers.

Vermin, of whatever kind, are troublesome pests among flower-plants, often injuring the choicest specimens, besides being otherwise disagreeable. To get rid of them, scatter a little oatmeal where they abound, about sundown; and, by making a survey an hour later, a multitude of them will be found congregated together, when they may be gathered up and destroyed.

Tall Garden Flowers.

Martagons, orange lilies, and bulbs, of tall growth, should never be planted among the smaller tribe; their large bulbs would exhaust the soil, and weaken the smaller flowers. They look very handsome in borders and plots, placed near, or in their centre.

Flower Dressing.

Decayed leaves, that have been swept together in the fall, and kept in a heap, and turned over once a month, form in about a year the vegetable mould, which is the best manure for flowering plants.

Answer to E. P.

The language of the Wax Plant is susceptibility; of Wormwood, absence; of Moss Rosebud, confession of love; of the Oak Leaf, bravery; of Mosses, ennui.

Answer to M. B.

The term Deciduous, as applied to shrubs, signifies that they shed their leaves every winter. Herbaceous plants, signify those whose roots are not woody.

Jester's Picnic.

Acrostic.—The following alliterative acrostic is a gem in its way:

"She sings so soft, so sweet, so soothing still,
That to the tone ten thoughts there thrill;
Elysian ecstasies enchant each ear—
Pleasure's pure pinions poise prince, peasant, peer,
Hushing high hymns, Heaven hears her harmony—
Earth's envy ends, enthralled each ear, each eye;
Numbers need nine-fold nerve, nor nearly name,
Soul-stirring Stephen's skill, sure seraphs sing the same."

A cockney undertook to recite the foregoing, but the fifth and sixth lines were rather difficult for his mode of utterance. He delivered them thus:

"'Ushing 'igh 'ims, 'eaven 'ears 'er 'armony—
H'earth's h'envy h'ends, h'enthralled h'each h'ear, h'each h'eye."

"You pull out teeth here, I suppose?" inquired a vegetable looking customer, who dropped into a dental office for information.

"Yes, sir, take a chair," replied the proprietor, "our charge is only fifty cents, and I can do it instantly."

"Well, I guess I'll wait until I get home, for I can't pay that price, because our doctor charges only a quarter, and it takes him two hours, besides, he pulls you all around the room, and you get the worth of your money. So good day."

When Judge Morton was translated from the bench to the chair of state, it was by a majority in the popular voice of one vote. Afterwards, one morning he was in the train from Taunton, and some one suggested to the governor that they were not making very good time. His excellency consulted his watch with all due solemnity, and remarked that he hoped to get in by "one"

"Very likely," said his friend, "you generally do, I believe."—*Boston Transcript.*

General Washington seldom indulged in a joke, or a sarcasm, but when he did, he always made a decided hit. During the debate on the establishment of the Federal Army, a member of Congress offered a resolution limiting it to three thousand men, to which Washington suggested an amendment providing that no enemy should ever invade the country with more than two thousand soldiers. The laughter which ensued smothered the resolution.

"Doctor," said a hard-looking customer the other day to a physician, "Doctor, I'm troubled with a depression, an uneasiness about the breast. What do you suppose the matter is?"

"All very easily accounted for," said the physician, "you have water on the chest."

"Water! Come, that will do well enough for a joke; but how could I get water on my chest when I haven't touched a drop in fifteen years?"

The tenure of the Major-Generalship of Massachusetts, like that of a good many other offices in this ancient Commonwealth, is for life, or during good behaviour. The Boston Transcript says that one of the former lived so long that a wicked wag, at his reported death, gave as a sentiment at a public dinner:

"The memory of our late Major-General:—May he be eternally rewarded in heaven for his everlasting services on earth."

Some years ago, a fellow was sentenced to be cropt for perjury. When the executioner came to fulfil the sentence of the law, he found that the prisoner had undergone the punishment before, which threw the hangman into a passion.

"What, the deuce!" said the convict coolly, "am I obliged to furnish you with ears, every time I am sentenced to be cropt?"

"Pray, Prof. Schnewze, what is a periphrasis?"

"Why, madam, it is, ahem! dat is, simply a circumlocutory and cienastic cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in verbal profundity."

This luminous illustration the lady seemed to catch up instanter.

"O, that is it?—I thought so."

The other day two Dutchmen were overheard discussing a knotty question. Says Hans:

"Shacob, vat do Yankees mean ven he zay about de mometer and de zerow?"

"Vat," said Jacob, "you nix forstay vat dat ish?"

"Nix, vat he mean?"

"Vy," said Jacob; "it say swantzy hinches below can nix git colder!"

A remarkably ugly man, as conceited as silly, said to a late Philadelphia wag, who had wit enough for everything but making money:

"Why, Smith, how thin you are! You'll never pay the debt of nature, I'm afraid, but will dry up and blow away."

"Well, you will pay the debt at all events; for you owe nature so little."

The Irish Parliament, in 1784, sent a bill limiting the privilege of franking to England, for the royal approbation. One clause enacted, "That should a member be unable to write, he might authorise another person to frank for him, provided that on the back of the letter so franked, the member gives a certificate under his hand, of his inability to write."

Frenchman—Madame, you charge ver mouch too big price for zat room.

Landlady—O, you know we at the watering-places must make hay while the sun shines.

Frenchman (indignant)—Be gar, madame, you shall nevare make se hay of me. You must not sink zat because all flesh grass, zat you can make hay of me!

Courageous Young Man—Ah, they tried to garrote me the other night, but they rather missed their figure. I just put my head down and hollered, when they ran off. They got my watch and portmonnaie, but they couldn't garrote me.

Admiring Friend—Well, I should never have had so much presence of mind.

An unfortunate bard complains that the printers do him injustice. He says, for instance, he employed a French quotation:

"*La beaute sans vertu est une fleur sans parfum.*"

It was reported for a New Jersey paper:

"*Larbratory sause virtue 8 stone flour sauss puffum.*"

"How did you feel," asked a sympathetic lady of a fireman, who had been rescued with great difficulty from a burning building, into which he had heroically ventured, "how did you feel, as you were lying there in the flames?"

"Scorched and smoky, ma'am," was the blunt and expressive reply.

Tom Hood observes that an undertaker can no more look kindly at his fellows than a sheriff's officer; for why, his profit begins with an arrest for the debt of nature. He never sees a picture of health but he longs to ingrave it; and affects to pity the ill-paid poor, but helpeth to screw them down.

"Really," said Mrs. Plainheart's nineteenth cousin, after a six weeks' visitation, "I fear if I stay much longer, you will be made twice glad when I go"

"Have no fear on that score," was the reply, "I assure you I haven't yet been once glad."

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GOOD-FOR-NOTHING DICK:

—OR,—

A HERO OF HUMBLE LIFE.

A STORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VI.

RICHARD BURDENS HIMSELF WITH A SECRET.

SOBER reflection is wont to follow close upon great danger. Naturally enough Alfred fell into a thoughtful mood. He was not unlike one waking from a troubled sleep, the dreams of which had left a painful yet half-credited impression of reality. The road he had been travelling, of late, had lost its attractiveness; and looking a little farther on with clear and steady vision, he could see where it ended.

"What's your scogitations?" inquired Richard, impatient of the long silence.

"I will answer the question as honestly as it was asked, eccentric Richard," replied Harper, supporting his head with his arms, "and I am by no means sure but you are the very best listener I could have. It is not always the oldest person that is the fittest companion or the most discreet. An old man may be foolish and an unbearded youth wise. Human faces much resemble almanacs, which are reliable for a season only; after a few months they cannot be believed in. I have been thinking of my folly. I cannot comprehend the secret of that man's power."

"Gilbit?" said Dick, with a nod of his knowing head.

"Yes," returned Harper, bitterly, "it was to that false friend that I referred. I have trodden a crooked path; but my deluded vision is getting clear again. There are those, ragged Richard, who believe that every person has an angel in constant attendance, who avails himself of every opportunity to reprove bad acts, to commend good ones, to whisper pure thoughts. It seems to me—'tis a pleasant fancy—that my angel is specially near, and upon the overshadowing wings of this hour."

"That's sposible," said Dick, "but he couldn't git you out the water, if he was. P'r'aps he isn't used to the water, or aint strong in the legs an' arms."

"And perhaps," added Harper, "he may have acted through the friendly arms of Richard Lee. Death," he resumed, presently, "when he comes so near that his face is seen and his icy presence felt, quickens wonderfully the perceptions, and puts one to considering his moral condition."

"Had some sper'ence that way myself," Dick observed; with which practical observation he wrung a large quantity of water from his swallow-tails and shook himself for the twentieth time.

"You have been a great deal at large, I suspect. But I will make directly for the point I started for; although I do not expect you to understand much that I have said and may say."

"There's 'telligence under this scrushed tile you don't form no 'ception of," replied Richard, looking up deprecatingly. "Gilbit's deloodled ye; he's 'ceived ye—has 'ceived your frien's; an he pushed ye into the water! That's what he's gone an' done!"

"There's much good sense and a rare measure of shrewdness under that beaver—more than you get credit for, I'll warrant. You have more than guessed at Gilbert's character."

"Gilbit Groovers," continued Dick, holding his dripping hat impressively aloft, "is a adder, unworthy the sconfidence of a—of a cissy!"

"While lying here with the white moonbeams shimmering across my face, I have formed a plan which I shall require your aid in carrying out. Its success will depend much upon your discretion, and your silence in regard to what you have seen to-night."

"For how long?"

"That is not so easily answered. Perhaps six months, possibly a year."

Richard had just raised one leg for the benefit of draining; the water was dripping slowly from his toes. While he held the limb suspended, supported by his hands, he replied:

"A great many things may happen, my frien', 'fore I'll 'spose ye. The sun may stop 'foctin' his loominous rays; the moon to shine like a orb; the stars to wink in the 'therial bloo; the roarer borus to flare up into the sky; meteors to fall an' scomets to flourish their tails in 'stonishment, 'fore I aboose your sconfidence!"

Rough Diamond dropped his suspended leg, looked placidly into the fields of space, and finished his protestations very deliberately, considering the strong and figurative language he had employed.